

Ellis' adaptation of it to the reconciliation of Fox and Horne Tooke? Suffice it that there are still those who know Pope and his school well enough to relish such lines as these, in parody of Payne Knight's "Progress of Civil Society":—

First, to each living thing, what'er its kind,  
Some lot, some part, some station is assigned.  
The feathered race with pinions skim the air—  
Not so the mackerel, and still less the bear.  
This roams the wood, carnivore—his prey;  
That with soft roe pursues his watery way.  
This, slain by hunters, yields his shaggy hide;  
That, caught by fishers, is on Sunday cried.  
But each, contented with his humble sphere,  
Moves unambitious thro' the circling year;  
Nor e'er forgets the fortune of his race,  
Nor pines to quit, or strives to change his place.  
Ah! who has seen the mailed lobster rise,  
Clap her broad wings, and soaring claim the skies?  
When did the owl, descending from her bower,  
Crop, 'midst the fleecy flocks, the tender flower?  
Or the young heifer plunge, with pliant limb,  
In the salt wave, and fish-like strive to swim?

The same with plants—potatoes 'tatoes breed—  
Uncostly cabbage springs from cabbage seed;  
Lettuce to lettuce, leeks to leeks succeed;  
Nor e'er did cooling cucumbers presume  
To flower like myrtle, or like violets bloom.  
Man only—rash, refined, presumptuous man—  
Starts from his rank, and mars creation's plan.  
Born the free heir of Nature's wide domain,  
To art's strict limits bounds his narrowed reign;  
Resigns his native rights for merrier things,  
For faith and fetters—laws, and priests, and kings.

### THREE NOVELS.

1. THE RING OF AMASIS. By the Earl of Lytton. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.
2. THE BISHOPS' BIBLE. By D. Christie Murray and Henry Herman. Three volumes. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.
3. MR. SPIVEY'S CLERK. By J. S. Fletcher. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.

INSPIRED by the failure of "The Ring of Amasis" upon its original publication twenty-six years ago, Lord Lytton has entirely rewritten the book, and it is now published once more. Other motives are suggested in the preface. In America there are cheap reprints of it; from America come "letters of inquiry about the purpose and origin of the tale." It is to the insight of that country that we owe this book. The American appreciated while the Englishman went to sleep. So the book has been made still better, and the American may appreciate still more; and, possibly, the Englishman will sleep still more soundly. But this is an unworthy country.

A tawdry style may find admirers among the raw and uneducated. But America is not raw or uneducated, and yet it is so interested that it sends these "letters of inquiry." It has literary tastes, which it may indulge, on the easiest terms, with the best of English authors. It has joined to the rapacity of a common thief a critical ability, which is only a little less remarkable than the capacity for self-advertisement in its possessors. And yet some portion of America can admire, apparently, so paltry a book as "The Ring of Amasis." They can mistake the stilts which the author manages so badly for consistent stateliness; they can mistake the flash of the spangles for the sparkle of the clean-cut epigram; they can mistake the borrowed rags for the complete philosophical outfit. They can see their author panting to be mysterious and romantic, and failing every time. They can wade through page after page of tall talk and dull impossibilities, and think it worth while to ask for their "purpose and origin."

At any rate, they will be satisfied now, for these "incidents of mystery and wonder" are employed, the preface tells us, "for the illustration of a psychological problem." There are several extracts "from the Journal of Conrad von Roseneck." We give a part of one of them, just to show how psychological Lord Lytton can be when he is trying:—

Lost! lost for ever, and all has been in vain!

To what end but mockery and derision has man received the fatal gifts of intellect and feeling? What avail to him the boundless mind, the burning heart, these indomitable thoughts—the travellers of infinity, these subtle

senses, this imperial will—when, served by all their powers, he cannot command the smallest of those blind trivial chances that sport with his destiny; and, in the plenitude of its perfection, this miracle of nature is but the miserable plaything of an accident?

We are mocked! We are mocked!

We need not speak of the psychological value of these remarks, nor of their originality. One is struck rather by the simple humility of the Count, by his entire absence of self-consciousness, and by the easy, chatty, unaffected style in which he wrote his journal.

It is pleasant to turn from such a book to "The Bishops' Bible." This copy was on vellum, and it was in such bad condition that it required restoration. It was restored by experts, and it was stolen. Its loss forms the centre from which the main incidents of the story spring. It served to embitter a feud which had already arisen in a quiet parish, a feud which only ends with the end of the story. Naturally the plot loses nothing in the hands of such practised and clever writers as Mr. Christie Murray and Mr. Henry Herman. The interest is constant and absorbing. Most of the characters are well-drawn and life-like, although the sudden and total change in the character of Mr. Stringer does not seem probable. It is only when one has finished the book, and is thankless enough to think of it apart from the interest of the story, that one notices its chief faults.

Its worst fault is its conventionality. Rarely, if ever, does it rise above the heights of a popular melodrama. Consequently we find at the close of the book that the characters seem to be acting more with a view to securing the expected termination to the story than in accordance with their nature, as we have understood it in the two former volumes. In a book where so much is quite truthful, it is a pity that anything should be sacrificed to the exigencies of the curtain. We are familiar with the question, "Do you like a story to end happily?" To answer in the negative might seem cynical, and would certainly be ill-judged. But to insist that every story should end happily would be equally mistaken. It depends entirely on the story. To take a familiar instance, if Lyndall had married happily and had not died, we should certainly have cared less for the "Story of an African Farm." The weak and ingenious good-nature which tinkers up a satisfactory conclusion out of the least likely materials, is futile and misses its mark. It may console us for the moment to find that everything comes right at the last; but the voice of experience tells us that this is not so in real life, and the delusion of the story is spoilt. We must have threads, or the figures will not move; but the threads should be invisible, and the figures should not be drawn into reconciliation or matrimony by a palpable cart-rop. But those who are not particular about a little conventionality will at any rate be charmed by a healthy, vigorous, and interesting story in "The Bishops' Bible."

Perhaps the first thought which strikes us on reading "Mr. Spivey's Clerk" is that Spivey is just the kind of name that Charles Dickens might have used. A further perusal of the book does not, it is true, make us believe that Charles Dickens might have written it; but it does seem very probable that if Charles Dickens had never lived, this book would never have been written. It is possible that a familiarity with the works of the great novelist may have led to the choice of such other names as Maggie Primrose, the Migsons, the Rev. Mr. Dumbury, Dr. Benjamin Spiffinwell, or Emma Jane Piper. The satire upon religious hypocrisy certainly reminds one of Charles Dickens in its methods; and Tom Christmas, Mr. Spivey's clerk, is very like Tom Pinch with a little added scepticism. Other points of similarity might be noted. It is not improbable that the author was influenced unconsciously; but, even if this was not so, a worse model might easily have been found.

The story of the book is simple enough. It is the story of a girl who should have married a plain, honest fellow, but who was taken from him and betrayed by a brilliant villain, his friend and rival.

It is told remarkably well. Mr. Spivey himself, the mean and prosperous publisher who would probably have been more kind if he could only have been less mean, is a most vivid and humorous sketch. Steerforth—no, we mean Lestranger—is a fairly probable villain. The style of the book is easy and pleasing; and although the plot is slight, it is never insufficient.

It is in the tragic close of the story that the author fails most. It is not without its pathos, but the pathos is spoiled by touches of conventional sentimentality. But there is no general adoption of the conventional melodramatic lines. At the close of the book vice is still triumphant, and virtue is still unrewarded; and in this we think the author is right. It is a book which could not end both happily and truthfully.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.\*

"TALKS WITH EMERSON" is an attractive title, but the book which bears it is rather disappointing. Mr. Woodbury, it seems, was a student at Williams College, Massachusetts, five-and-twenty years ago, when Ralph Waldo Emerson, unheralded we are assured by "even so much as a paragraph in the county newspaper," descended suddenly on the place to deliver a lecture. The philosopher was in a gracious mood, and consented to prolong his visit for a week, lecturing each day to the students, and meeting them also on familiar terms. During this period Mr. Woodbury saw much of Emerson, and afterwards accompanied him on some further lecturing engagements in the neighbourhood. Out of these circumstances sprang an acquaintance which was occasionally renewed during the next five years. This book, of one hundred and seventy pages, gathers up Mr. Woodbury's reminiscences of his conversations with the great thinker, and we feel bound at once to add that everything that is at all distinctive and worthy of preservation in the volume might have been given as an article in one of the magazines. In saying this, we do not wish to leave the impression that Mr. Woodbury has failed to recall any snatches of Emerson's conversation of real significance; at the same time there is singularly little in his book which reaches the level of thought and expression habitually attained in the published essays. Emerson once declared that his "special parish" consisted of young men inquiring the way of life, and he was always, to a quite noticeable extent, accessible to those who came to him, with little else to recommend them except inexperience and enthusiasm. Mr. Woodbury cannot be a very young man now, and therefore the rhetorical nonsense—frequently vapid and gushing to the last degree—with which he decorates his pages, is the more inexcusable. He seems, indeed, to have forgotten, when he sat down to write this book, the hint which Emerson once gave him, when he said, "exaggerated moods we have all to suppress." Here and there a fine saying lights up the page, and in order that our readers may taste the quality of the book at its best we give a few samples:—"Opportunities approach only those who use them." "Though the reward of the market is in the thing done, the true reward is in the doing." "I find my best working solitude in some New York hotel, or country inn, where no one knows or can find me—there one finds oneself." "Recollect you only read to start your own team." "Do your own quarrying." "Blessed is he who giveth the answer that cannot be answered." A good many pages of the book are, however, filled with much more commonplace deliverances.

The life of "Beethoven" from first to last was full of incident and romance, and lends itself, more than that of most great musicians, to picturesque treatment. Mr. Rudall states in a prefatory note that it would have been impossible to "enumerate systematically year by year the works of so prolific a composer without turning this little biography into something like an extended catalogue." He wisely relegates, therefore, the long list of Beethoven's works to the closing pages of the book, and with equal discretion, he refuses to crowd his chapters with titles and dedications. We cannot, however, altogether congratulate him on the manner in which he has availed himself of the space thus placed at his disposal, for though a great many facts concerning Beethoven are set before us, no really vivid or satisfactory estimate is given of the man himself. There is gossip enough and to spare, but the book strikes us as being an inadequate and feeble exposition of the facts and forces which met in a wonderful and illustrious career. The treatment of the theme lacks individuality, and whilst the author shows considerable care in regard to his facts, he manifests little skill in the manner in which he marshals them.

The latest addition to the "Stott Library" of pocket editions of the English classics is Bacon's "Essays." The frontispiece to the volume is a charming view of the now dismantled house at Gorhambury, where Bacon found a quiet retreat after his brief imprisonment in the Tower. The text has been carefully collated with the scholarly editions of Professor Aldis Wright and Dr. Abbott, and is reprinted from the author's final revision of the work which appeared in 1625; fortunately, however, the vagaries of the Elizabethan compositor are not followed. The book is well printed on good paper, and the binding is in good taste.

A pretty book for the drawing-room table is "London Pictures, Drawn with Pen and Pencil." There are one hundred and thirty illustrations of various degrees of merit, many of the full-page pictures, and notably

the view of the interior of Westminster Abbey, a glimpse of Cheapside with the steeple of Bow Church in the distance, and St. Paul's from the river, are striking and artistic. On the other hand, there are a few pictures entirely destitute of force or imagination, which could have been spared without any detriment to the book. For the literary portion of the work the Rev. Richard Lovett is responsible, and although there is nothing very fresh or remarkable in what he has to tell us, he has woven the story gracefully together, with the result that his pages conjure up many interesting historical and literary associations and noteworthy events. Mr. Lovett does not profess to have added another guide-book to the metropolis to the long list of works of that kind already in existence, nor has he tried to cover the whole field—a hopeless task to attempt in a volume of two hundred and twenty pages. The book gives, however, a fairly adequate sketch of the civic and commercial life of London, and chapters are devoted to its legal, literary, and ecclesiastical aspects; whilst the royal palaces and the Tower form the subject of not the least valuable part of the work. Mr. Lovett—who is favourably known by similar books on Norway, Holland, and Ireland—writes throughout with care, and, as a rule, manages to be both accurate and entertaining.

All who really care for the welfare of the sick poor might turn with advantage to Mr. Rathbone's brief sketch of the "History and Progress of District Nursing." The little book indicates in outline the great benefits which this movement—begun quietly in 1859, and now assuming national proportions, under the direct patronage of Her Majesty—has conferred on the suffering poor of many of our large towns. Defects which experience has brought to light are clearly stated, and the improvements also which have been effected in the organisation of the work are not overlooked. Mr. Rathbone admits that every system of district nursing runs a risk of becoming merely a new system of out-door relief. The primary object of the founders of the institution was simply to care for the sick and neglected poor in their own homes, and special efforts have been made to guard against the possibility of any sort of competition springing up between the nurses and the relieving officers, or the agents of charitable societies. The book abounds in practical hints, and traces in a lucid manner the growth of a movement which, if wisely directed, cannot fail to be a source of untold benefit to the most indigent classes in the community.

In a little book entitled "Home Work for Willing Hearts," Mrs. Brightwen describes in a brisk, pleasant manner a number of occupations which can be carried on in the quiet of home-life by those who wish to do something for others. Mrs. Brightwen has been for many years an invalid, but instead of rushing to the conclusion that on that account there was nothing left for her to do, she has busied herself in a variety of gentle, kindly ministries, and in these pages she modestly gives others the benefit of her experience. The book is written with common-sense as well as kindness, and is practical as well as explicit.

For tender and realistic studies of child-life Mrs. Molesworth is perhaps unrivalled, and in "Little Mother Bunch" she gives us a delightful picture of the ways and whims of a group of children, who are not everlastingly posing, but on the contrary are merry, amusing, and not preternaturally good. Blanche, the heroine—the little "Bunch" of the story—is a gentle, unselfish, motherless girl of fourteen, upon whom devolves, to a quite pitiful extent, the care of younger brothers and sisters in a comfortable English home. The contrast between this girl's character and that of her younger sister—a pert, showy, deceitful child—is cleverly indicated, rather by deeds than words, and moreover by deeds which, to careless eyes, seem almost too trivial to notice. "Little Mother Bunch" is grievously misunderstood for a time, but in the end the generosity of the sweet reserved bearer of the family burdens wins due recognition. That mischievous urchin "Carrots" would have appreciated "little Mother Bunch," and even "Herr Baby" might have been safely entrusted to her care. The book is prettily got up, and the illustrations reach a level of excellence not too common in works of this kind.

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# THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1890.

## NOTES OF THE DAY.

"THE truth about Mitchelstown" ought not to be hard to ascertain; yet we know, from the proceedings of certain of the London papers, that a belief prevails that fiction instead of truth will be accepted by the public regarding this well-worn story. Happily those who, like MR. BALFOUR and the *Daily Telegraph*, seek to palm off entirely inaccurate and misleading descriptions of the Mitchelstown tragedy, have still to reckon with MR. GLADSTONE, whose resolve that the "true truth" shall be made known concerning that disgraceful incident is altogether admirable. At Hawarden on Tuesday afternoon, the Liberal chief once more stated the facts in opposition to the fiction of his opponents. These facts are that the first aggression came from the police, and had not a shadow of justification or excuse; that the first resort to actual violence was on the part of the police, and was again without any reasonable cause; and that the shooting of innocent persons took place after the momentary passion of the crowd—deliberately excited by the police—had subsided, and when there was not a shadow of justification for a resort to firearms. Even MR. BALFOUR, we believe, does not deny that the unfortunate victims of the police were personally innocent of all complicity in the alleged rioting. But perhaps we are wrong in this assumption. MR. BALFOUR has never yet admitted that anything done by anybody acting under his order or authority is or can be wrong. The Pope himself does not believe in his infallibility more absolutely than does MR. BALFOUR in his own.

THE Irish Secretary has had his wish in Ireland this week. He has succeeded in provoking collisions between the people and the police, and there have been violence and confusion in consequence. Of course we shall be told that it is all the fault of MR. DILLON and MR. W. O'BRIEN. It is, however, nothing of the sort. No human being believes that the slightest harm would have followed if those two distinguished representatives of the Irish people had been allowed to speak at the meetings which were summoned for last Sunday and Tuesday. MR. BALFOUR himself admitted that English members of Parliament would have been permitted to speak at these meetings—justifying the admission by one of his most insolent sneers—but he refused the Irish people the right of listening to their own representatives. Even this interdiction only came at the last moment, for it is the pleasing habit of MR. BALFOUR to perform any disagreeable duty in the most disagreeable way. The result has been exactly what the Irish Secretary anticipated and evidently desired. Gatherings which would have been absolutely peaceful if left alone, have been converted at the command of MR. BALFOUR into scenes of rioting and bloodshed. And now, we suppose, they will be followed by renewed prosecutions of MR. DILLON and MR. O'BRIEN; renewed sentences upon them by the removable magistrates, and a renewed persecution by the Irish Secretary of his most distinguished opponents, when he has again succeeded in getting them into gaol.

EVEN MR. BALFOUR, however, can hardly delude himself with the notion that he will bolster up the reputation of the

sinking Cabinet by presenting the world with another spectacle like those we have seen on previous occasions when MR. O'BRIEN and MR. DILLON have been cast into prison. A Ministry which, by the admission of its own supporters, no longer commands the confidence of the country, and which is now clinging to office merely to stave off a little longer the evil hour of its own dismissal by the popular voice, is not one that can afford to countenance those outrages upon common decency and common humanity which in the early period of his official life MR. BALFOUR was allowed to commit with impunity. The Irish Secretary, if he should again get his political opponents under lock and key, will be held in check by his own colleagues, who have no mind, at a time when a General Election is approaching, to be discredited by a fresh scandal like that of MR. O'BRIEN's treatment in prison on a former occasion. It is a small mercy, and we cannot say that we are particularly thankful for it. We shall be glad to see MR. O'BRIEN spared all needless suffering, but no one knows better than he does that every additional insult which is offered to him by MR. BALFOUR is a fresh nail in the coffin of the Government.

HAWARDEN is at all times one of the favourite resorts of that section of the British public which, being neither in society nor (like PROFESSOR TYNDALL) under the special influence of "light and leading," still looks upon the Liberal chief with the old confidence and affection. We have spoken of the speech which he delivered on Tuesday to a large body of Liberals from Bristol. On Wednesday he received a deputation of women from Bradford, and spoke a few words to them. The chief feature of these gatherings at Hawarden is not, however, anything that may be said by the illustrious owner of the place, but the demonstration which is afforded of the warmth of the regard in which "the common people" at all events hold their chosen leader. The popular enthusiasm which he attracts was never greater than it is to-day; and, after all, popular enthusiasm counts for a good deal in an election contest, as the founders of the Primrose League know full well.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL was brought forward at Guildford on Wednesday to make sport for the Tories of that quarter of Surrey. It is too bad. Respect for his past services to science, if not affection for his present sentiments in politics, should have made these gentlemen more regardful of the claims of decency. There is really nothing amusing in the spectacle of the poor old Professor toiling away at his self-appointed task as the Heaven-appointed assailant of a straw monster he has laboriously constructed and labelled with the name of MR. GLADSTONE. When he denounces the "blood-guiltiness" of MR. GLADSTONE in the matter of GENERAL GORDON, and then proceeds to beslave LORD HARTINGTON with full-flavoured adulation, it is impossible to ask why SIR RICHARD WEBSTER, or some of the other Tories present, mindful of the fact that LORD HARTINGTON had rather more to do with GENERAL GORDON's mission to the Soudan and its consequences than MR. GLADSTONE, did not try to prevent this particular exposure of the Professor's ignorance. But this was only one of the many instances which the unhappy speaker gave of his knowledge

of men and affairs. His attempt to poll dead men—DARWIN, for example—in support of Orange supremacy in Ireland was painful rather than ludicrous, and the whole exhibition was one upon which no man who respects himself would care to dwell. Why was the *Times* so cruel as to give the speech in full?

At last the attention of the country is being called to the gravity of the Fisheries Question in Newfoundland. The *Standard* has realised the truth which was set before the readers of THE SPEAKER some months ago, that we are in imminent risk of having to face one of two evils—a diplomatic rupture with France, followed by still more serious consequences, or the loss of Newfoundland as an English Colony. The excitement in the island is growing, and it is accompanied by loud expressions of anger at the action of the English Government, and threats of a rising against the Queen's authority. There never was a question in which it was more clearly necessary to keep a cool head. Everybody can sympathise with the unfortunate islanders, who see their trade, even their territory, so gravely encroached upon by foreigners. Their anger is perfectly natural. But we have to bear in mind the fact, unpalatable though it may be, that we have treaty engagements with France from which we cannot justly withdraw without the consent of the French Government. In the meantime, every day that passes seems to add to the excitement in Newfoundland.

We publish elsewhere two communications of great importance on the question of the Fisheries Dispute. One is the statement by SIR J. S. WINTER and his colleagues of the case of the Newfoundlanders, so far as they represent it, and the other is the reply by an English politician, in which the view of the case that is likely to prevail on the Treasury Bench is set forth. Those persons who wish to understand what the Newfoundland grievance really is, and what are the difficulties in the way of its settlement, will do well to study these papers. As to the reality of the injury which is now being inflicted upon our Colonists there is, we suppose, no dispute in this country. We only wish we could share the optimistic views of our political contributor as to the upshot of the whole matter. That unfortunately is not possible. We are drifting into a very awkward predicament, and unless the Press does its duty in this matter, and strengthens the hands of those who are calling upon Government to find a radical solution of the evil, very grave difficulties are only too likely to arise.

THE agitation against the proposal to endow the publicans out of the purse of the ratepayers has continued during the week, and it is evidently growing in force. It is annoying to many persons that MR. GOSCHEN should deliberately have put his hand—or his head—into such a hornets' nest as this; but that is due, as we explain elsewhere, to one of the defects in the mental equipment of that very able man. Ministers vow that they will persevere with their unhappy scheme, no matter what happens. And as to drop it at present would mean the retirement of MR. GOSCHEN from the Government, we do not doubt that they are in earnest in their declarations. But next Saturday Hyde Park will be the scene of a popular demonstration against the measure which promises to be one of unusual, if not of unprecedented magnitude, and elsewhere throughout the kingdom the public voice is being raised with no uncertain sound against proposals which shock the moral sense of the community no less than they offend against popular notions of justice. How will Ministers receive these attacks upon their position? Do they really believe it to be to their interest to unite the entire temperance party against them at the next General Election?

MR. SCHNADHORST, the Secretary of the National Liberal Federation, landed in England this week on his return from a visit to South Africa undertaken for the benefit of his health. It is a great satisfaction to every Liberal that MR. SCHNADHORST should have come back so much better in health that there is now every reason to look forward to his early return to the important duties of his post. The Liberal party is just now very much in the condition in which it was in 1879—preparing for the battle and eager for the fray. Its prospects are just as good to-day as they were then; and then, as now, the superior persons who instruct the world through the columns of the London Ministerial press are profoundly convinced that everything is as it ought to be, and that when the hour for going to the ballot-boxes arrives LORD SALISBURY will once more secure a triumph. That they should cling to this delusion is their affair, not ours. But whilst they are dreaming the Liberal party must be working, and it is well that MR. SCHNADHORST has returned to lend his powerful aid to his political allies.

BYE-ELECTIONS are pending in North and West Donegal, caused by the resignations of MR. O'DOHERTY and MR. O'HEA. At present no candidates are announced, but it is rumoured that the Conservatives propose to contest the former division. As MR. O'DOHERTY was returned in 1885 by a majority of nearly five to one, the interest of the election can only be purely scientific. It will be curious to see (for instance) what the Conservative candidate says about the Land Purchase Bill, and what degree of enthusiasm, measured in votes, MR. BALFOUR'S "resolute government" has evoked.

THE General Assemblies have been sitting in Edinburgh, under bright sunshine sometimes, and pitiless east wind. What we may call the "Lux Mundi" question came on in the Free Church on Tuesday. The Assembly then took up the utterances of DR. MARCUS DODS, a distinguished Edinburgh professor who is to make his first appearance to-morrow evening in Oxford, at Mansfield College. The debate was vigorous, but, with the exception of a thoughtful speech by PRINCIPAL RAINY, was destitute of theological interest. Not so its result, for a crowded house endorsed the decision of the College Committee. That decision bore that the inspiration and infallibility of Scripture are both to be maintained, so far as faith and life are concerned. But it bore also that those who hold that these do not extend to minute details and costume, are not to be turned out of the Church. Yet with this was coupled a sharp lecture to DR. DODS as to his incautious language, the result of which was that another motion, substituting a very mild caution, was supported by all the younger men of the Church, and got 274 votes against 357. A similar result was arrived at on Thursday, in the case of DR. BRUCE of Glasgow.

MEANTIME the Established Assembly led off on Thursday a demonstration against its own disestablishment. But on the Tuesday it had done a much fairer thing in the matter of the Universities, where the maintenance of its privileges is hopeless. It refused, indeed, by 135 to 32, to abolish tests—at least, for its own faculty of Divinity; but it has, by the same majority, approved of a measure which shall provide that "the Divinity Halls of other Christian bodies, if duly equipped, may form part of the Universities, so as to have the same status as the present faculties of Divinity." In short, they see there is nothing for it but equality and affiliation. And the same is true of the Scottish Churches. Establishment is now the only wedge between them.

THE International Miners' Conference last week was divided upon the question of State intervention in fixing an



Eight Hours Day. The French, German, Austrian, and Belgian delegates voted in a body in favour of the intervention of the State, whilst of the British delegates a considerable minority were opposed to any such intermeddling of the State with the liberty of the workman. Still, it is useless to disguise the fact that among the miners, even in this country, the desire to resort to the State to secure that which they could perfectly well secure for themselves is steadily growing.

ACCOUNTS from Constantinople describe the Turkish Government as pressed and depressed, even beyond its usual pitiable condition. It has twice recently been forced to make amends—first to the German, and then to the Russian Government—for acts of violence committed by Mussulmans upon Christians: acts which Turkish public opinion, which deems all infidels dogs, does not disapprove, and which it is therefore specially disagreeable to have to express penitence for. It is being constantly squeezed by these two Governments, and by that of England—sometimes on one ground, sometimes on another—and does not know which way to turn. Such prestige as it retained declines even more, under this process, than under the chronic want of funds to pay for current expenses. In the vain effort to do something which will restore his reputation in the world of Islam, the Sultan is reported to be eager to make a Convention with us about Egypt—for our withdrawal if possible; but if not, then at least to give him some further formal rights there. Having lost his opportunity when SIR H. D. WOLFF plaintively begged him to sign the then drafted Convention, he is not likely to succeed now. Meanwhile the trial of MAJOR PANITZA increases his disquiet, for it is expected changes are at hand in Bulgaria; and every or any change bodes evil to the dying Monarchy which calls Bulgaria its vassal.

THE elections necessary for the biennial renewal of one-half the Provincial Councils in Belgium were held on Sunday, and the results have been anxiously examined by both parties for some indication of the probable effect of the General Election (of one-half the Lower House) on June 10 next. It cannot be said that the voting admits of any very definite prediction. The Liberals were returned without a contest in Brussels, the electors of that city having long repented of the momentary but most disastrous schism of 1884, and a decided progress towards Liberal opinions is noted in ultra-Catholic Louvain. This success, however, is apparently balanced by decided Catholic gains at Malines, Alost, Termonde, and elsewhere. The Socialist vote shows a decided increase—a result partly explicable from the disgraceful history of the trial at Mons last year of workmen for committing crimes which were arranged for by emissaries of the police.

THE Whitsuntide week, being one of the popular holiday seasons, is generally chosen as the time when entertainments of a special character are offered to the public. The most notable of these entertainments in London this year has been the display at the Agricultural Hall in connection with the Physical Recreation Society, an admirable body, which aims at supplementing popular education by training in physical exercises. The PRINCE OF WALES is the patron of the Society, and MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE the president. Both were present on Monday when the first entertainment of the week took place. It showed what has already been done in the way of giving not only the poor, but even the blind, proficiency in those physical recreations which conduce so greatly to the maintenance of health, and to the development of our race in strength and stature. Still, what has been done is little indeed in comparison with that which remains to be done; and it is to be hoped that the Physical Recreation

Society will meet with the public support which it must have if its work is to be carried on efficiently.

THE United States have been threatened for some time with a revival of the lottery—a pastime hitherto supplied to them only from Havana and Mexico. Early this year an unsuccessful attempt was made to introduce one in Dakota, and certain projectors in Louisiana are reported to be making a determined effort to get their enterprise explicitly sanctioned by a special clause in the revised Constitution of their State. The Postmaster-General, however, is said to be anxious for an Act of Congress permitting the Post Office to refuse to carry lottery circulars—which would effectually check the business. The mild efforts—known as guessing competitions—of certain English advertisers have just been declared by MR. POLAND to partake of the nature of lotteries, and the Treasury have resolved, not too soon, to proceed against their promoters. So probably the small outside stockbroker will see his opportunity. However, a syndicate (shares one shilling) in King Solomon's Mines (deferred stock) would be an improving and intellectual employment compared with the task of guessing how many people, in a given time, succeeded in counting correctly all the capital letters in the Acts of the Apostles.

A QUESTION of a rather delicate character has been the subject of public discussion during the week. The attention of the Chief Magistrate at Bow Street, SIR JOHN BRIDGE, was called a few days ago to a placard which has for some time past been publicly displayed in London, and he was asked to decide that it was of an indecent character. This he refused to do, though he evidently thought that the placard—a gigantic figure of a woman—was open to objection, and he suggested that friendly representations should be made to the proprietors of the place of amusement of which the placard was an advertisement. Forthwith we have been plunged into a controversy of the usual kind, in which “grandmotherly legislation” and “the nasty notions of vice” people have met with severe handling from persons who are themselves neither nicer nor less grandmotherly than those whom they assail. Whatever may be the merits of the particular case which was brought before SIR JOHN BRIDGE, it is at least certain that there are many pictorial advertisements on our walls of the vulgarity of which there cannot be any question. If they do nothing else they disfigure our thoroughfares, and we should be only too glad if they were subjected to something like a rigid censorship.

BUSINESS on the Stock Exchange has been interrupted this week by the holidays and by the fortnightly settlement, which began on Wednesday. Still the markets were fairly active, and prices generally moved upwards. On Wednesday there was a rise in British railway stocks, but there was a fall on the following day, the revenue statement of the Brighton Company being unsatisfactory, and reminding operators that probably the working expenses will be much heavier this year than they have been quite prepared for. The American market, though yesterday and to-day the New York Stock Exchange is closed, has been again active, chiefly because of the decision of the Trunk lines to raise freights on west-bound goods on Monday next, and of the agreement amongst the North-West lines to raise fares on the 10th of next month. The market for international securities, however, has been the most active, Egyptian and Turkish securities particularly being in demand. Egyptian Unified Bonds on Thursday were as high as 97¼, and the Turkish Tribute Loan of 1871 was as high as 97½. Trade continues fairly good, except the iron and steel industries, which are still very much depressed. The consumption of copper is on a very large scale, and the price has been over £54 a ton this week.

## MITCHELSTOWN AND TIPPERARY.

IN spite of the gibes of the supercilious politicians who have not yet waked up to the times in which they are living, and who dream that the ten-pound householder is still master of the political situation, Mr. Gladstone shows a sound instinct when he goes on, year after year, remembering Mitchelstown. He knows perfectly well what he is about, and he was quite right on Tuesday once more to hammer away at that bad business. The sanguinary outrage at Mitchelstown was typical of that worst side of English misrule in Ireland—the lawless exercise by the magisterial and constabulary officials of an authority which is practically uncontrolled, uncorrected, and unrebuked. The key-note of “firm and resolute government” is that magistrates and constables are to be backed up through thick and thin, right or wrong. While the people at Mitchelstown were engaged, as Mr. Gladstone says, in a peaceful and legal meeting, three men were wantonly shot down by the police, and into the deaths of these men there has been no public inquiry, and no attempt in any shape at punishment or redress. If the police had been ordered to mind their own business, and leave the people to do what they had full legal right to do, no sort of harm would have ensued, and we should have escaped a public crime which, as it now stands, leaves a deep and black stain upon the British Government in Ireland.

The mischief of Mitchelstown did not end with that piece of slaughter, into which no adequate public inquiry has to this day been held. The mischief only began there. The astonishing principle that whatever police or magistrates might do, they should be effectually shielded by the responsible Minister in Parliament, has borne abundant fruit ever since. English readers probably pass over pretty lightly the instances of excess on the part of the police, for the human mind easily becomes fatigued at the long iteration of paltry brutalities practised at other people's expense. Violent charges on unarmed crowds in Ireland become as monotonous as cases of wife-beating in English police-courts, and the indolent reader hastens on to things more piquant and more sensational. If he is a Tory, he thinks that brutality is good for the Irish. If a Liberal, he knows that little can be done until the general election, and meanwhile why should he perturb himself about wrongs that he has no chance of setting right? Even these composed persons will find this week's doings in Tipperary worth their attention. There has been as yet no bloodshed; but for sheer unredeemed folly, and folly running to the edge of the gravest peril, the conduct of the Government in Tipperary will bear comparison with anything that has yet been done in that line. We need not tell over again the story of the quarrel between the officious champion of Irish landlordism and his tenants in Tipperary, or of the methods by which the tenants, at immense sacrifice to themselves, have tried to punish him for meddling to prevent a peaceful settlement on a disturbed estate in another county. Whatever the merits of that battle may be, it is a battle with which the Irish Government has no concern, unless it takes the form of breach of the law. People have long been in a state of great excitement in the district, but the excitement has been no worse than it is in any district in England where there happens to be a strike, and we might even say that it has not been one-hundredth part as dangerous, because public opinion runs absolutely all in one way. In the middle of April, a great concourse of people came together to celebrate the foundation of New Tipperary, and were addressed by a number of English members of Parliament. The police knew all about it, looked on decently and sensibly, and all went well. A few days ago it was announced that another meeting was to be held there; excursion trains

were advertised from all parts of the county, and Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien promised to attend. At the eleventh hour, up posts the Resident Magistrate to Dublin Castle, and returns with his ukase in his pocket, which appears on the walls the next morning, to the effect that the meeting would be likely to cause intimidation, to prevent tenants from paying rent, and would in short be an unlawful assembly. Now, why was this meeting proclaimed? Mr. Balfour was rightly pressed hard upon the subject on the eve of the recess, and he had no answer, except a spurt of flippancy, to the question why it was wrong to let Irish members do in May what it had been thought right and safe to let Mr. Davitt and other Irishmen do in company with English members in April. It is simply impossible to discern upon what common principle the meeting in April was permitted, and the meeting in May prohibited. The Irish Secretary recited figures to show that offences against order in Tipperary had gone up from 143 in the last four months of 1887 to 274 in the last four months of 1889. But this increase must have been as good an argument for proclaiming a meeting in April, 1890, as it is in May. That plea, therefore, may be at once dismissed as hollow and insincere. So must the attempted distinction between meetings in the open air and meetings under cover. In April English members made speeches to more than one immense gathering at Tipperary in the open air. The police were present, but never attempted to interfere; there was no breach of the peace, and no harm of any sort followed. The open-air argument must be abandoned like the argument from police statistics, and we are left at the truly odious conclusion that the Irish Government will allow English members of Parliament to address as many meetings as they may choose, but will not allow Irish members to address even their own constituents. It is idle to pretend that outrage and boycotting would have been the result of a speech from Mr. Dillon or Mr. O'Brien. Terrorism, says Mr. Balfour, has existed for months—“a system of terrorism and boycotting which the Government would be justified in putting down by every means in their power.” What this really amounts to is that there has been for months, and that there still is, a combination among a certain body of tenants in Tipperary, and that this combination is supported by the resolute public opinion of the whole countryside. In April the people flocked into Tipperary to the demonstration in thousands. This pressure from outside, the Irish officials, true to their ingrained bad traditions, call by the regulation name of terrorism, “to be put down by every means in their power.” The name is absurd, because terrorists and terrorised are all on the same side. In any case, let us suppose that there is a great trade disturbance in Lancashire, or Staffordshire, or Durham; let it even be accompanied by intimidation and menace. Will the Government on that account send policemen and hussars to prevent Lancashire, Staffordshire, or Durham members from holding a meeting? They would not dream of such folly. Why should Mr. John O'Connor, then, not be allowed to address a meeting in Tipperary?

We defy any impartial person—if any impartial persons are still left in Irish affairs—to read the accounts of what has taken place this week in Tipperary and Cashel, without disgust at the criminal folly of the Irish executive. Yes, criminal; because it is certain that any of those accidents which are always possible in conflicts between people and police, might have led to loss of life, and no thanks are due to Colonel Caddell or Mr. Bruen, with their armed constables and their clattering hussars, that Cashel and Tipperary did not prove a repetition of Mitchelstown. But the gratuitous folly of all this violent repression of speech and meeting is as striking as its danger. Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien made their speeches after all, and what is there in them of which even the most sensitive Government need have been afraid? The Unionist newspapers strive to make out that these speeches were addressed to small knots, as indicative that the Nationalist leaders have no real hold. But if they have no real



hold, why not allow them to make as many speeches as they please? The plain truth is that the action of the Irish Government and its subordinate agents can only have been dictated by the intention of cowering the population in the battle with Mr. Smith-Barry, and a less legitimate motive for illegitimate repression cannot well be conceived in a system that pretends to be free, constitutional, and equal. What Mr. Gladstone said on Tuesday of the old, but still unexpiated, violence at Mitchelstown, is just as true in respect of the foolish and clumsy violence in Tipperary:—"If the voters of this country, be they Tory or Liberal, desire to give sanction, by returning the same men to Parliament, to these proceedings, they are unworthy of the privileges they possess."

### A SPIRITED FOREIGN POLICY.

ITS foreign policy is supposed to be the strong point of Lord Salisbury's Government. Ministerialists, indeed, consider Lord Salisbury's conduct of foreign affairs to be not only invulnerable but uncensurable; and they claim the assent of the Liberal party to the truthfulness of the contrast which Tory speakers and writers draw between the position of England now in the estimation of Foreign Powers, and her position when Mr. Gladstone was at the head of affairs. And it must be owned that not a few Liberals have been somewhat too complacent in accepting without question their opponents' representation of the case. It is worth while, therefore, to consider how the facts really stand. Now the simple truth is that Lord Salisbury's foreign policy has been most successful where he has followed most closely in the footsteps of his predecessor, and least successful where he has been most faithful to the traditions of the Beaconsfield régime. When the Tories took office in 1885, there were three thorny questions with which our Foreign Office had to deal—the delimitation of the Afghan frontier; an international arrangement in regard to Egypt; and the imbroglio in Bulgaria. The policy of the Liberal Government on these three questions was fiercely and obstructively assailed by the Tory Opposition. The proposed settlement of the Afghan frontier was denounced from the front Opposition benches of both Houses of Parliament. The most powerful Tory leader in the House of Commons hailed the announcement of a pacific solution as "terrible news;" and Lord Salisbury attacked the Russian Government in such violent language as made it difficult for him to resume the seals of the Foreign Office. Yet no sooner did these champions of a spirited foreign policy find themselves in Downing Street than they humbly followed in the footsteps of their predecessors, and actually claimed credit afterwards for having settled the dispute on the very lines which they had previously denounced as calamitous to their country. The Liberal Opposition, however, satisfied that the right thing had been done, were too patriotic to retaliate. The Liberals had a similar experience in their efforts to settle the Egyptian Question. They proposed an arrangement on the basis of the neutralisation of the Suez Canal. That proposal was greeted with a chorus of execration by the Tory Opposition. It was characterised as a base betrayal of British honour and British interests. The Tories came into office soon afterwards, and took great credit to themselves for appeasing the susceptibilities of France by agreeing to the neutralisation of the Suez Canal. And again the Liberals, putting their country above party, held their peace. If there was anything upon which Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury piqued themselves in the "peace with honour" which they brought us from Berlin, it was the division of Bulgaria. They actually had a map printed, which showed in vivid colours the vast area and large population which a

British Prime Minister had restored to slavery. But the determination of the Bulgarians defeated the policy of Lord Beaconsfield. The Turks did not dare to plant garrisons on his paper frontier, and seven years later the Bulgarians erased it even from the records of diplomacy by reuniting themselves in spite of the Treaty of Berlin. Lord Salisbury then discovered what the Liberals had always told him, namely, that in dividing Bulgaria he had been playing the game of Russia, and he was the first to sanction the abolition of his own diplomatic *chef-d'œuvre*. And once more the Liberals, so far from making party capital out of the meek apostasy of their opponents, applauded their tardy imitation of the policy which they had denounced and ridiculed.

These are the principal diplomatic triumphs of the Tory Government; and the triumphs were all due to the carrying out of Liberal policy, and to the patriotic co-operation of the Liberal Opposition. The Tories enjoy this singular advantage in their conduct of foreign affairs. When they are in opposition they lose no opportunity of embarrassing their opponents. When in office, they generally adopt their opponents' policy, while the latter heartily support them. Practically, therefore, the Tory Government receives the loyal support of the Liberal party in the general course of its foreign policy; and when Liberals think it their duty to criticise, they do not seek to embarrass for party purposes.

But where is the success of the Government's foreign policy when it adopts a line of its own? Let us take one or two examples. By the 61st Article of the Treaty of Berlin—that diplomatic guarantee of "peace with honour"—"the Porte undertakes to carry out reforms in the provinces inhabited by Armenians: these reforms to be communicated to the Powers, who will superintend their application." In the 62nd Article, "the Powers take note of a declaration of the Porte, expressive of its wish to maintain the principle of religious liberty." So far England, and especially the Tory Government, shares with the other Great Powers the responsibility of compelling the Porte to execute its treaty engagements. But the Government is bound in this matter by an additional covenant. "If any attempt shall be made at any future time by Russia," says that splendid achievement of Tory diplomacy, the Anglo-Turkish Convention, "to take possession of any further territories of His Imperial Majesty the Sultan in Asia, as fixed by the Definition Treaty of Peace, England engages to join His Imperial Majesty the Sultan in defending them by force of arms. In return, His Imperial Majesty the Sultan promises to England to introduce necessary reforms, to be agreed upon later between the two Powers, into the Government and for the protection of the Christian and other subjects of the Porte in these territories; and in order to enable England to make necessary provision for executing her engagement, His Imperial Majesty the Sultan further consents to assign the island of Cyprus to be occupied and administered by England." The Porte has flagrantly and ostentatiously set at naught the obligations by which it thus solemnly bound itself in two treaties, and the special guardians of those treaties have never taken a single step to redeem their honour, either by enforcing or by repudiating the onerous engagements to which they clandestinely committed their country. At this moment Armenia is in a far worse condition than it was when the Treaty of Berlin and the Anglo-Turkish Convention were signed. There is absolutely no protection for the life, honour, property, or religion of the Christian inhabitants. The mock trial of Moussa Bey is a direct slap in the face to the authors of the Anglo-Turkish Convention. The Sultan has even gone so far as to prohibit the reading of their sacred books, including the Bible, in the schools and churches of Armenia. What has the Government done to remedy this state of things? Nothing. We beg their pardon; they have done something. There was an excellent consul, Colonel Chermiside, at Erzeroum, whose influence and remonstrances supplied a slight check on the rascality of Turkish officials. Colonel Chermiside

has accordingly been removed, and a less efficient official has been appointed in his place. Crete is another, though not quite so infamous example of the "peace with honour" to which we are indebted to a Tory Government. In short, the only parts of the Treaty of Berlin which have been enforced on Turkey have been the territories conceded to Greece and Montenegro; and the execution of the Treaty in that respect has not been due to the Tory Government, but to Mr. Gladstone's. Indeed, the only exhibition of a spirited foreign policy which this Government has ever made was the ultimatum to poor little Portugal. Elsewhere their policy has been one of universal surrender. We do not possess sufficient knowledge at present to pass any definite judgment on the serious accusations which Mr. Stanley has made of subservience to Germany in Africa. But the accusations require an answer; and if they had been made against a Liberal Government, Tory journals and platforms would ere this have rung with denunciations of Mr. Gladstone's betrayal of British interests. In fact, the foreign policy of the Government may be summed up in a sentence. It has been most successful where it has carried out the Liberal programme; elsewhere its policy has consisted in bullying the weak and cringing to the strong. Whether this deserves the vaunted name of a spirited foreign policy may be safely left to the judgment of the public.

### MR. GOSCHEN:

#### A SKETCH.

A GREAT many years have passed since Mr. Disraeli, turning to his next neighbour on the front Opposition bench, after having listened for a few moments to the first speech of Mr. Goschen, murmured the words, "Guttural mediocrity!" The present Chancellor of the Exchequer has lived through much since, and has lived down more than most men. Few of us can have forgotten his bewilderingly sudden rise to high office. Is not the story on record that when he was first admitted to the Cabinet he knew so little of the local habitation of that august body that he had to inquire his way of the policeman at the end of Downing Street? And how brief a period seems to have passed since men began to shake their heads over "Lord Russell's hard bargain" (as people learned to call Mr. Goschen in those days), and to declare that, though he had started well, he would never arrive. One day the world learned that Mr. Goschen had been made First Lord of the Admiralty, and straightway the *Times* indulged in one of those ponderous outbursts of elephantine jocosity which occasionally disfigure its columns. But, to speak the truth, everybody laughed when the young man with the German name, the guttural speech, and the patient plodding air as of one who began life in an atmosphere of ledgers and till-books, was raised to the command of Her Britannic Majesty's navy.

In spite of all the wise predictions of his enemies Mr. Goschen has undoubtedly arrived. At this moment he is recognised as being by far the ablest man on the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons. The one colleague who can be compared with him intellectually is the ladies' idol, Mr. Arthur Balfour; and the brain of Mr. Arthur Balfour is but that of an overgrown schoolboy beside Mr. Goschen's. When we put the Irish Secretary on one side, and run down the list of the other members of the Government, from the name of Mr. Smith to that of Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, we see how brilliantly the intellectual force and vigour of Mr. Goschen stands out in contrast with the dull commonplace amid which he now dwells. And when one listens in the House of Commons or at a great public meeting to Mr. Goschen, how heavy is the metal he carries compared with that of his colleagues! There is always something in his

speeches, in their breezy vigour, their analytical keenness, their logical completeness, which is refreshing to those who listen to them. Their genuine force is brought out vividly by the manner in which he snatches at any chance interruption from the Opposition, and, by means of a brilliant retort, scores against his antagonists. "There is one thing that I must insist upon," said a very eminent Liberal to one of the Irish whips a few months back, "and that is that your people will not interrupt Mr. Goschen when he speaks to-morrow night." To interrupt Mr. Goschen, it is now generally recognised, is to feed the flame of his eloquence, and to make him a thousand times more formidable as an opponent than he would be if he were left alone to speak undisturbed.

All this may be called to witness on behalf of the Chancellor of the Exchequer when men are inclined to under-rate his powers, and to deride his statesmanship—all this, and much more besides. For it is by a strange road that Mr. Goschen has reached his present position of intellectual primacy in the Tory party. That road has led him far beyond the traditional limits to which the practical politician must confine himself. It has made him a financial Commissioner in Egypt, and an Ambassador-Extraordinary at Constantinople; it has placed within his grasp two of the greatest prizes in the public service which are open to Englishmen, and given him the unique distinction of having refused the Speakership of the House of Commons and the vice-royalty of India. Finally, Mr. Goschen has at last secured a leading place in an administration which represents a party to which—down to five years ago—he was opposed with all the strength of his will and his intellect. The man who once adjured the nation not to give a blank cheque to Lord Salisbury, is now Lord Salisbury's colleague and mouth-piece in the House of Commons.

There is something both interesting and remarkable, something almost romantic, in a career such as this has been. It would be ridiculous to attempt to belittle the powers of a man who has done so much, and who has had so much more within his reach. Nobody, indeed, who has the pleasure of knowing Mr. Goschen will be likely to do any injustice to his intellectual qualities. There is about him a touch of that personal magnetism which we recognise as one of the attributes of genius. He attracts or he repels; but one can never be quite indifferent to him. His vivid personal talk, with its delightful reminiscences of Bismarck, of MacMahon, of Turkish pashas and Russian diplomatists, of a hundred men of mark in the history of Europe, has about it that indefinable quality which carries home to the listener the conviction that the talker uses his brains as well as his tongue when he speaks. In all England there are comparatively few men whose intellectual distinction is more evident and more unchallengeable than Mr. Goschen's.

And yet what is Mr. Goschen's position at this moment in the party of which he is so powerful a member? Ask any old Tory of the Carlton Club how he accounts for the decline of the Government in power and popularity, and the chances are ten to one that he will answer you with the explicit assertion that it is all the fault of Mr. Goschen. Go into those inferior caravanserais where the hot-bloods of the Tory party congregate, the Constitutional Club, or the Primrose, or some similar institution, and you will find that "bad language" is the order of the day whenever the Chancellor of the Exchequer is referred to. Turn to the newspapers, and see how we are treated, week after week, to stories of the possible or impending resignation of this distinguished statesman. The old Tories and the young Tories may mean little by their angry words; the newspaper paragraphs may be the fabrications of penny-a-liners, and not the revelations of Cabinet secrets; but even then they are full of significance. They convey with unmistakable emphasis the fact that Mr. Goschen is not a success in his present office.

And this is true despite the great things he has done—true despite the conversion of the Debt and the other



achievements over which his champions wax eloquent. Mr. Balfour, with his policy of coercion, has done much—very much—to make the result of the coming General Election a foregone conclusion in favour of the Liberal party; but Mr. Goschen, with his blundering, not in finance, not in theoretical statesmanship, but in practical politics, has done still more. What could be more remarkable than the failure of the recent Budget? And yet when that Budget was first presented to the world it was received with almost universal applause. The Liberal Unionists in particular were filled with such delight that they declared that not even Mr. Gladstone had ever laid a greater Budget before the House of Commons; and, as we know, there were many who believed that it must be intended as a dissolution Budget, so full of the spirit of popularity-seeking was it. How changed is now the spirit of the Tory's dream! All over the United Kingdom public opinion is declaring itself with growing emphasis against Mr. Goschen's proposals, which offend not merely the political prepossessions, but the moral sentiments of a majority of the electors. Mr. Goschen has made one of the worst blunders ever committed by a Chancellor of the Exchequer.

It is not the first blunder, as we know. The Wheel Tax is one of several minor incidents which point to the same weakness marring the usefulness of this really able and gifted man. The truth is that, with all his genuine ability, his long experience in the management of affairs, his courage, and his eloquence, Mr. Goschen suffers from two defects which convert his very strength into a source of danger. The first is his pessimism. A sense of hopelessness always seems to abide with him when he is handling any of the greater problems which now tax the brains and nerves of statesmanship. Whether it be (let us say) the solution of the Egyptian Question or the settlement of the social disputes at home, Mr. Goschen is never able to see how the Gordian Knot can either be untied or cut. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," he seems to say, with a sigh and a shrug of his shoulders, as he bends to his heavy task. No doubt in this way he avoids some perils, and gains some easy dialectical victories over more sanguine men. There is safety, it may be admitted, in such a policy; but it is not by this cautious avoidance of all the greater problems of statecraft that a statesman can rally round him a party inspired by personal loyalty and devotion. Mr. Goschen has many admirers, but no party.

The second defect in his character is, however, that which has the more serious consequences so far as his own success as a politician is concerned. It is his habit of underestimating the strength of the opinions and the prejudices of the people who are opposed to him. He is apt to forget that he lives in a world in which even the voice of the fool can make itself heard—in which, indeed, the fool's voice at times drowns all other sounds. We do not, of course, suggest that the people opposed to Mr. Goschen are fools. But doubtless he himself regards their opinions on such questions as this of compensation to the publican as being foolish beyond conception. Even so, he should remember the strength of objections which have their root in the moral sense of a community, and should not needlessly arouse opposition of this character. But instead of acting with this wise caution, and using men as they are to carry out his purposes, he looks with the contempt of a superior intellect upon opinions which he does not share, and walks blindly into pitfalls which men with a tithe of his ability would easily avoid. Even the ablest of men makes a mistake when he thinks he can afford to despise the weakness of his fellow-men, and to disregard the follies of mankind. In taking such a course he only shows that he knows nothing either of men or of mankind. This is the great weakness of Mr. Goschen. Even if he were far less able than he is, he would succeed infinitely better as a practical politician if he knew a little of his fellow-creatures, and were disposed to be more tolerant than he is of that which he doubtless regards as their folly and their weakness.

## THE PASSION PLAY AT OBER-AMMERGAU.

TWO centuries and a half ago the peasants of a remote village in the Bavarian highlands, in terror of the plague which had laid desolate their valley, vowed that if God would stay the pestilence they would thenceforward, once in every decade, in order to commemorate their time of tribulation and their deliverance by the hand of the Almighty, set forth for contemplation the sufferings of Christ. Ever since that day the vow registered by the panic-stricken villagers has been religiously fulfilled by their descendants, and decade after decade the Mystery of the Passion has been portrayed at Ober-Ammergau. This year the cycle has recurred again, and a great audience from Europe and America, drawn by sympathy, or curiosity, or fashion, has assembled to witness the spectacle. The preparations for the famous pageant have been more laborious than ever before; the pomp and cost of it have been greater; a far larger number of travellers has come to criticise and wonder. But in essentials the ceremonial remains unchanged. The same peasant as in recent years represents the central figure of the drama; the same characters—Pilate and Caiaphas, Mary and Peter, Judas and Barabbas—appear upon the stage; the same troops of Tyrolean villagers compose the crowned and white-robed chorus which introduces each of the twelve parts of the Mystery; there is the same long tedium of scenic display, the same dramatic irrelevance, the same music (not always perfectly harmonious), the same solemn episodes and consummation. In all alike—in watchers and performers—there is the same reverent, half-religious interest which has hitherto made the spectacle unique.

It is natural that observers at a distance, reading of the scene at Ober-Ammergau, and of the descent of tourists on the valley, should see vividly the incongruous features in the picture, and deplore the ruin of a beautiful old custom. No doubt of late the character of the performance has altered. No doubt some of its ancient simplicity has departed. No doubt it is difficult to reconcile the wonder-working faith out of which the Passion Play arose with the accompaniments which to-day surround it. Newspaper correspondents mourn over the villas and advertisements, the high-priced stalls in the open amphitheatre, the desecration of the mountain-paths, the defacement of the happy, quiet gardens, and forget, as they write, that the causes which have brought these things have also brought them there. But this impatient outcry, though natural enough, has really little substance. It seems clear that one may accept the assurance, and rightly or wrongly one is glad to have it, that the actors drive no hard bargain with the world, and that the share of each of the performers, when the profits are divided, will barely compensate them for the time and labour given. Still, as of old, the Passion Play remains an act of piety, a devout commemoration. Still, as of old, early in the morning of the performance, the players attend mass in the village church. Still, as of old, the play goes steadily forward all through the long day, in wet or sunshine, uninterrupted by weariness or by weather. Still, as of old, before the spectacle begins, a trumpet sounds through the theatre, and in private all the players kneel and pray. Still, as of old, the unfolding of the drama is watched in perfect silence. All these practices are not retained solely to impose upon the tourist. It may be that the very incongruity of some of the surroundings brings the serious side into stronger prominence. In the days, centuries ago, when miracle plays were presented to the townspeople of Coventry and Chester, the seers were none the less impressed by the solemn meaning of the pageant, because they enjoyed and mocked at its elements of obscenity and farce. Nor is the devotional spirit of the Ammerthalers any the less real because they take in Transatlantic lodgers, and let villas, and hire waiters for their inns.

If further proof of this be needed, it is to be found in the

lives of the peasants. From childhood upwards, all the men and women in the village are taught to sing and act, and organised in musical and histrionic societies to fit them for dramatic work. Then the best of the village company are chosen by free competition to fill the parts in the decennial Passion Play. Such a course of training, with the religious purpose strongly emphasised, and inspired by the hope of sharing, as the reward of merit, in the solemn ceremonial which all alike regard with superstitious pride, is not without its effects on the minds of the people. Those effects are seen in the characteristics which distinguish the community at Ober-Ammergau from their neighbours. The men who bear the principal parts in the great tragedy are noted for the quiet dignity of their lives. The occupation which nearly all the villagers follow, that of workers in wood, helps to develop the artistic sense which their dramatic studies cultivate; and the habit of sculpturing devotional images, exercised by men who glory in bearing the names of Apostles, and who even in their professional capacity style themselves the "Lord God's carvers," naturally serves to foster in the workers the sense of sacred associations round about them, and the consciousness of daily contact with ideas that are half-superstitious, half-sublime. No one denies that the drama of Athens had its share in developing her people, and helped to mould and heighten her ideal of national life. Of course the performance at Ober-Ammergau is sensational, and we are learning to shun sensation, because on one side it is allied to clap-trap; but on the other side, it is worth remembering, sensation is bound up with the deepest needs of men. It may be that the days of the Passion Play are numbered. From immemorial years a great Cross stood upon the summit of the Köbel, and the tradition ran that when it fell the peasants of the valley must cease to represent the Mystery of the Life and Death of Christ. Some months since, in a storm, the great Cross disappeared, and it is said the villagers accept the omen. In any case, one may hope that the traces of the long-perpetuated custom will not be obliterated altogether, and that the effects which it has wrought among the inhabitants of the little Tyrolean village will remain when the last of the Miracle Plays has departed for ever.

#### PRINCE TALLEYRAND AND PEEPING TOM.

THE gifted Blowitz has excelled himself this week. For a quarter of a century, or thereabouts, he has been building himself a monument of stately brass, and in the *Times* of Thursday last he has capped the structure. There is now no necessity for postponing his decease.

The tale he tells begins in the old, old way—an interview with M. Thiers. Now M. Thiers is dust, and his good sword rust, and his soul is with the saints, we trust; but we would give something to borrow it for half-an-hour to learn the truth about these interviews that M. Blowitz has been publishing ever since it left this earth. However, in the course of this interview M. Thiers expressed a yearning to get a peep into Talleyrand's Memoirs (then lying unpublished and jealously guarded in the hands of M. Andral), and suggested that Blowitz might procure him some hint of their contents. "But how," asked Blowitz, "am I to induce M. Andral to show me documents which he refuses to show you?" "It is not a question of M. Andral," replied Thiers, a little impatiently; "he has in his charge a copy only. The original manuscript has remained in England. It was the only one for fourteen years—namely, from 1838 to 1852; it was then that the copy came to France, and M. Andral has never had Talleyrand's own manuscript. In your place I should get to see the original manuscript."

For M. Blowitz, the desperately cunning, this hint was enough. Let us listen to his tale in the *Times* of Thursday last:—

"Thiers' death unfortunately deprived me of a great pleasure, for after this conversation with him I was haunted by the idea of seeing these Memoirs of Talleyrand, which, according to the writer's directions, were to appear thirty years after his death—that is to say, in 1868, but which now, twenty-two years later, have not been published. I would fain have given him the information he had challenged me, as it were, to furnish. When I last saw M. Paul Andral, shortly before his death, I told him of Thiers' anger. He was much amused, but changed his tone when I said, 'Now, if Thiers were still living, I should have the great pleasure of giving him the information.' 'How,' he asked sharply, 'could you do so?' 'By assuring him *de visu* that Talleyrand says nothing which need disquiet him as to his reputation.' '*De visu!*' exclaimed M. Andral, 'that is impossible; you have been hoaxed.' This rather nettled me, and I repeated from memory passages of Talleyrand's Memoirs. M. Andral was quite uneasy. 'You have copied them, then?' 'No, unfortunately, but I have seen them, and could repeat a good deal of them, which I may do some day, for the non-publication seems to me going beyond Talleyrand's intentions, which ought to override everything.' 'But you surely do not intend to publish them?' said M. Andral, with a little irritation. 'Unfortunately not, but I intend, as a beginning, to quote some short passages so as to show it is high time to publish them if risk of forestalling is to be avoided, for I shall afterwards publish other portions, and ultimately give them entire.'

"The dismay apparent, however, in M. Andral's countenance was so marked that I at once abandoned my plan. I felt that his health did not then allow of his undertaking the publication. I had a presentiment of his early death. . . ."

The first and last sentences of the extract are unhappily true. We confess that, on reading the above story, we regretted that, of the three personages introduced, two should be dead and the third M. Blowitz. And we confess that we approached the revelations that followed in something of a sceptical mood.

Well, if the extracts so mysteriously culled from the Memoirs be genuine, we must change our opinion of Talleyrand. The world has set him down as one "whose epigrams and caustic comments on men and things were at once the delight and terror of two worlds" (to quote the *Times*); and as the adroitest, subtlest, most unscrupulous of diplomatists. He is now revealed to us as a respectable and rather stupid old gentleman, capable of talking such vapid stuff as this:—

"J'aimais Napoléon. Je m'étais attaché même à sa personne, malgré ses défauts."

"À ses débuts je m'étais senti entraîné vers lui, par cet attrait irrésistible qu'un grand génie porte avec lui. Ses bienfaits avaient provoqué en moi reconnaissance sincère."

"Ma franchise me justifie devant ma conscience, et je me suis séparé de sa politique d'abord, puis de sa personne, quand il était arrivé à mettre en peril la destinée de ma patrie."

"Cet homme fut doué d'une force intellectuelle très grande, mais il n'a pas compris la véritable gloire. Sa force morale fut très petite—ou nulle."

"Il n'a pu supporter la prospérité avec modération, ni l'infortune avec dignité, et c'est parceque la force morale lui a manqué qu'il a fait le malheur de l'Europe, et le sien propre."

Now, it is true that these are but extracts quoted by M. Blowitz from memory. But, in the first place, is it conceivable that any person not a fool (and M. Blowitz is not a fool) could select such stuff for quotation, even from the veriest rubbish-heap of platitudes? Is there anything in this estimate of Napoleon to arrest for a moment the attention of any thinking being?

If the Memoirs contain a single scintilla of wit, or throw a single ray of light on a single historical event—and it is preposterous to suppose that Talleyrand's Memoirs would not do both—M. Blowitz has passed these over for this kind of thing, on the subject of a commercial treaty concluded between England and France in 1786:—

"La Normandie, si habile dans la défense de ses intérêts propres, si importante par sa richesse et sa population, avait été la première à manifester son opposition."

"Elle publia une longue mémoire contre le traité; la voix des



consommateurs fut étouffée, et le traité devint un sujet de blâme contre le Gouvernement."

"Does not this read as if written yesterday?" asks M. Blowitz. Well, to be frank,—yes, it does. In fact we shall be very much surprised if one of two guesses be not true—either M. Blowitz and the *Times* have been impudently hoaxed, or M. Blowitz having, by the methods peculiar to him, gained a five minutes' peep at the genuine Memoirs, had just time to copy a sentence or two, the first that came to hand, on his shirtcuff, before the footman caught him at it.

The most comic part of it is the pompous leader that the *Times* devotes to the stuff. As an example of the absurdity that knows not itself, it should be framed and glazed. "We envy not the historical judgment which sees no interest in Talleyrand's account of his rupture with Napoleon" (*ma franchise me justifie*, &c., quoted above), and so on. When a man sits down and writes like this of such trash as M. Blowitz's "revelations," it is time for someone to whisper "Pigott" in his ear and make him jump.

### LORD ROSEBERY AMONG THE CO-OPERATORS.

IT was particularly fitting that the Co-operative Congress should this year have secured as its President the popular chairman of the London County Council. Lord Rosebery would, at any time, have ensured the success of the annual gathering of the representatives and administrators of Co-operative industry; but the presence of the successful leader of what we are slowly coming to recognise as the greatest municipal organisation in the world aptly marks the new departure in the Co-operative body.

It was characteristic of the man and the hour that Lord Rosebery should have specially drawn the attention of the Co-operators to the political and social significance of the Co-operative movement. Other inaugural addresses of recent years have dealt mainly with economic principles, business maxims, or with the details of various pedantic schemes of Co-operative production. Lord Rosebery rightly dwelt upon the larger question of the relation of the Co-operative movement to the democratic state. As an expert in local administration, he called upon Co-operators to bring their practical experience and collectivist principles to the aid of local government, where, as local electors, they will inevitably have to direct and supervise those branches of public service for which the appropriate unit of administration is, not the store or the productive society, but the municipality or the parish council. The business ability and public spirit of the 15,000 committee-men, who are now administering the 1,500 Co-operative societies, with their annual turnover of £36,000,000, should be applied beyond the narrow limits of their several stores, and extended to the public service. The leaders of the Co-operative movement might advantageously take Lord Rosebery's hint, and stimulate among their followers a desire for more general influence upon that municipal Co-operation for which there is such a magnificent scope in the near future.

The boundaries of the "State within a State," with its "army of industrial administrators" (as Lord Rosebery described the Co-operative movement) must, wherever this can safely be attempted, be made co-extensive with those of the whole community. In cities where the principle of municipal co-operation has not yet been applied to such public services as gasworks, waterworks, and tramways, local Co-operators have not properly realised the inevitable expansion of the spirit underlying every Co-operative store. For the constitution and administration of every store is intensely democratic. Not only is the principle of "one man one vote" rigidly adhered to, irrespective of the amount of capital, but every precaution is taken against the societies be-

coming, like the mediæval guilds, closed to newcomers. The issue of shares is unlimited; and the single share, often the payment of one shilling, gives complete rights of membership. The whole £10,000,000 of co-operative capital—the accumulated fruit of two generations of associated effort—the perfected organisation, valuable plant, and far-extending goodwill of the co-operative traders, lie constantly at the mercy of the outside public, and might be effectively nationalised in a single day by the mere adherence as members of the whole body of consumers. Nor is this a mere matter of form. A constant growth in membership is the very basis of a successful co-operative society, and every possible expedient is used by energetic officials to attract and compel the general body of consumers to join their ranks. Co-operators ask nothing better than that all should share in the advantages of that virtually public organisation which they themselves have created.

Unfortunately, Lord Rosebery yielded to the inevitable temptation of suggesting new businesses for co-operative stores. This sanguine desire to extend co-operative enterprise into unproductive fields marks the effect on Lord Rosebery's mind of the growth of the movement. Sixteen years ago, as President of the Social Science Congress at Glasgow, he was contemptuously referring to co-operation as a futile panacea for social ills. His recommendation to them to go into farming, and thus to secure the profits (?) of agriculture, was, no doubt, made without full acquaintance with the ghastly roll of co-operative failures in agricultural experiments. It was, perhaps, not to be expected that any politician could nowadays make a speech without referring to the land question. The present monopoly of "profits" by farmers is not, however, the "land question," which seems destined to make itself more and more heard in co-operative congresses as elsewhere among social reformers. The Laird of Dalmeny made the very natural mistake of confusing schedules A and B of the Income Tax; but the Chairman of the London County Council might have realised that it was the unearned increment of rental value, especially in towns, to which co-operators were beginning to lay siege (as partly the creation of their own enterprise) rather than to the fast-diminishing returns of English agriculture. It would be unwise and hopeless for the Co-operative Wholesale Society to strive to resist the growing international division of labour by any hazardous agricultural attempt to produce in England its present large imports of Danish butter, American flour, and French eggs; it must fall in with the economic current and extend the market for English co-operative produce by developing an export trade in the cloth, boots, soap, and biscuits which it now successfully manufactures. Through our export trade the English artisan makes his own butter, grows his own wheat, and produces his own wool, as effectively as if he himself kept cows on the Jutland meadows, cleared the stumps from a Manitoban homestead, or tended the teeming flocks of Australian squatter-kings. It is useless to suggest to co-operators an impossible and undesirable abandonment of the co-operation of international trade. The land question of the co-operative movement is emphatically the individual appropriation of the increased rent of urban land suitable for business premises and recreative purposes, not their salutary exclusion from the disasters of agricultural experiment. The co-operative resentment against the extremest developments of private ownership of land, which were so strongly represented last year before the Town Holdings Committee, did not fail to find vent during the subsequent discussions of the Congress—Lord Derby's monopoly of the land at Bury was the subject of bitter complaint from a local delegate, and a Manchester representative objected to the huge price which the Manchester branch of the Wholesale had to pay to secure a central site. Many co-operators have unconsciously recognised that, as regards land, their system does not of itself provide (as they once fondly imagined) for the complete reorganisation of society.

It was interesting to observe at this Congress that the Co-operative movement had not escaped the tendencies of the age. Socialism has been the dominant note of the Glasgow Congress of 1890. Lord Rosebery went out of his way to remark on the inevitable coincidence of the Co-operative movement with the wide aspirations of Socialists. The interesting paper read by Miss Llewellyn Davies dwelt on the identity of sympathies between Co-operators and Socialists; and the enthusiastic applause with which it was received showed how the two currents of thought, divergent now for nearly half a century, are once more uniting. As Lord Rosebery himself remarked, they were "boiling down the Socialist movement," and incorporating what was good in it. In the practical developments of municipal enterprise, in which the Glasgow Town Council stands, perhaps, pre-eminent, we find the basis for the "New Compact" between Socialists and Co-operators. Both parties realise their common aim in the elimination of profit and in the extension of representative government to the whole area of industry. The store and the municipality both fulfil these conditions and aim equally at representing nothing less than the whole community. Co-operators recognise that those branches of industry which the municipality can safely undertake (more especially those industries which are necessarily monopolies) will inevitably fall under the compulsory control of State and municipal socialism. Socialists, on the other hand, are awakening to the fact that the co-operative society is a virtual democratisation of industries not yet ripe for municipal control. A fact quoted by Lord Rosebery proves how easily store membership may become co-extensive with municipal citizenship; in the county of Clackmannan eighty-six per cent. of the population are co-operators. As the mediæval guild, in many cases, actually became a municipal corporation, so the co-operative society might conceivably become merged in the fully developed local administrative unit of the future, with the consequent cessation of the present vain distinction between public and corporate administration of property. Interest on capital, now paid at steadily falling rates on municipal loans, will inevitably decline also on co-operative shares. This is not all. Should the members of any co-operative society, voting by heads and not by shares, keep pace with the public opinion, they might reduce interest on capital, accumulated in the form of transferable shares, to a minimum rate. Thus the industrial problem in a completely democratic State resolves itself, not into a question of capital *versus* labour, but into an equitable settlement of the claims of different classes of producers. Each particular trade being a small minority of the whole, the tendency of municipal and co-operative communism will probably be to fix wages so as to stimulate the capacity of each class of workers, whilst giving freely the luxuries of life—such as education, art, entertainment—to the people at large. Thus the combination of co-operative industry with municipal enterprise appears by far the best solution of the current Riddle of the Sphinx, which modern society must solve or perish.

BEATRICE POTTER.

## TWO VIEWS OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUESTION.

### I.—FROM THE NEWFOUNDLAND DELEGATES.

IT was stated in THE SPEAKER on the 24th inst. that certain newspapers in this country had fallen into the error of regarding the Newfoundland delegates now in London as representatives of the Legislature of that Colony, whereas they were in fact only the nominees of a small minority in the Legislature, and of the "Truck Merchants party." "A truth that is only half the truth is ever the worst of lies," and unless THE SPEAKER'S statement be corrected, harm will be unintentionally done to the cause we really represent.

It is true that we individually are members of the party defeated at the last General Election in Newfoundland, and that one of our number is leader of the minority in the Assembly; but it is also true that the "French Shore Question," so called, was not an issue in the election referred to, and that both parties in Newfoundland are at present rivalling each other in the strength of their opposition to French claims. *It is not true*, however, that we are here as the representatives of the party in the Assembly, and out of it, to which THE SPEAKER rather unkindly refers as the "Truck Merchants party." We were selected as delegates by a large committee appointed by a great public mass meeting held in a city which in November last sent every one of its representatives to the Legislature in opposition to the party we are personally connected with—a fact which ought to show how unanimous the people of Newfoundland are upon the subject which engages our attention at this time. We venture to say that no party and no politician in Newfoundland dare assume at this juncture any position less pronounced than ours; and in proof of this fact we beg to refer you to the very strong address to Her Majesty which has been adopted since our arrival in this city by a unanimous vote of both branches of the Legislature, and which may be taken to express the deliberate policy of that Government party to which upon other questions we have hitherto been individually opposed. The grievances of Newfoundland are to-day so intolerable, the only lasting solution possible is so apparent, that all parties and all politicians advance one condition as indispensable to a settlement—namely, that French rights in Newfoundland must be wholly terminated by compensation, exchange, or otherwise.

Permit us to refer briefly to certain misimpressions which seem to very generally colour the opinion of the press of the United Kingdom, and to some extent of France also. Some writers appear to think that the difficulty in Newfoundland is solely over a disputed interpretation of the treaties. This is a grave error. There are disputes over the interpretation, but Newfoundlanders take the position that if every such dispute were settled in their favour, the undisputed French rights remaining would be incompatible with the development of the resources of the Colony. The disputed points—the actual exercise of French rights—these are not the only cause of the trouble which has hitherto rankled in Newfoundland, and which is really beneath the temporary difficulties now more prominently before the public.

The French have an undisputed right to catch cod in the waters, and to dry them upon the coasts of Newfoundland, "without interruption by the competition of the British;" and this guarantee of freedom from interruption the French so insist upon as to prevent the development of the mineral, agricultural, and lumbering resources of the interior adjacent to seven hundred and fifty miles of coast-line, along a part of the colony much of which is known to be remarkably rich in these resources. While the development of all this wealth is prevented, and while only seven French vessels, with three or four hundred men, avail of the French right of fishery, hundreds—nay, thousands—of the hardy sons and daughters of Newfoundland who might have made homes for themselves upon the so-called "French Shore" have been forced by want to seek employment in other lands. Can it be wondered at that under these circumstances the people of Newfoundland demand that "rights" which are practically valueless to the French, but which lock up resources that are invaluable to Newfoundlanders, should be terminated, and that they are impatient with the "diplomacy" which fails to bring about that desired and desirable end?

We have said that the rights of the French are practically valueless to them, and this brings us to another most mischievous misimpression, prevalent both here and in Paris. We constantly see it stated that the French set great value upon the so-called "French shore," because it serves as "a nursery for their navy." *This is nonsense!* Only seven French vessels fished



upon the coasts of Newfoundland last year. The nursery of the French navy is upon the "banks," as they are called, which lie south of Newfoundland, far from the nearest part of the so-called "French shore," and wholly unconnected with it naturally. If every French right and claim upon the coast of Newfoundland were extinguished to-morrow, not one French vessel would be stopped from fishing, and the French navy would not be deprived of the possibilities involved in a single nursing. Many years ago the French did prosecute a large fishery upon the west and north-east coasts of Newfoundland, and then they doubtless valued their "rights" upon these coasts, because they afforded a training-ground for sailors. But year after year their coast fishery decreased, and about 1883 the fishery upon the "banks" commenced to absorb a greater share of their attention than had previously been given to it. Their fleet of "bankers" thereupon rapidly increased, and their shore fleet rapidly decreased, the result proving that by clinging to their "rights" upon the so-called "French Shore" they had actually prevented the development of their fishery operations as a whole. We hope, then, that we shall hear no more of English or French journals speaking of the value which the French set upon the "French Shore" as a "nursery"—it only nurses trouble between Great Britain and France; and French fishermen, or French speculators, nurse the false impression referred to as a means of arousing French national susceptibility when the private interests of the speculators seem likely to be sacrificed to the higher interests of two nations in particular, and the world in general.

The mention of French speculators reminds us of another prevalent misimpression—namely, that French fishermen are deeply and directly interested in the taking and canning of lobsters. French lobster "canneries," or "factories" as they are called, are erected by capitalists or speculators, and the lobsters are "caught" or "taken" by the men, women, and children, British subjects, who live upon the coasts adjacent to the factories. Therefore, these factories do not employ French fishermen to any considerable extent, and in no conceivable manner "nurse" the French navy. They do, however, nurse a few French traders in *wet* and dry goods; for the owner of each French factory claims the right under the treaties to import *free of duty* all the goods he can use in operating his factory, and in purchasing lobsters by barter; and in this manner he carries on a ruinous competition with those Newfoundlanders who are so foolish as to import their goods from this kingdom, and pay duty upon them into the revenue of Newfoundland. The profitable competition of British subjects is made impossible, British trade is destroyed, and the revenue of Newfoundland is made to suffer, while French trade increases; and yet some people seem to think that Newfoundlanders are unreasonable when they demand a radical change in all these things. It appears to us, at least, that if British trade with Africa, for instance, were interfered with in this manner, the outcry in this country would be loud and long.

There appears to be an idea abroad that in their contention that the French have no right to take and can lobsters, the Newfoundlanders are attacking a "right" long claimed by the French, and tacitly admitted in the past by the Newfoundlanders.

This is incorrect. It is only of late years that the French have asserted the right, and Newfoundlanders have never admitted it in any manner; while British subjects erected and operated lobster factories from 1882 to 1887 without protest of any kind by the French, and even in 1887 the French only protested against an alleged *actual* interruption of their cod fishery, not opposing the continuance of the operations of factories where they did not so *actually* interrupt. Some writers, too, affect to believe that Newfoundlanders quibble with the French about the taking of lobsters solely on the ground that a lobster is not a fish. They take other and much stronger ground: they say the French have the right

(1) to fish, (2) to dry fish, (3) to erect temporary stages and huts necessary to the drying of fish, but (4) are expressly forbidden to erect permanent buildings, whereas (1) the lobster is not a fish, (2) canning is not drying (which means to dry in the open air), (3) that factories are not temporary huts or stages necessary for the drying of fish, and (4) that lobster factories are such permanent buildings as the French are expressly forbidden by the treaties to erect. The whole language of the treaties, the Newfoundlanders say, was directed to the cod fishery, and therefore does not cover the wholly new industry, for it was agreed in 1783 that "the method of carrying on the fishery *which has at all times been acknowledged*, shall be the plan upon which the fishery shall be carried on."

In referring to the outrage recently committed in St. George's Bay, when armed French marines were landed, and the British inhabitants ordered to take up their nets, a portion of the British press has made the mistake of regarding this as an outcome of, or connected with, the lobster question, and the discontent of the British with the *modus vivendi*, which would imply that some aggressive action upon the part of the British settlers had led to the trouble. This is not the case. The lobster question has nothing to do with this outrage, and the action of the French was an unprovoked and aggressive one. St. George's Bay has been settled by British subjects for over half a century, and they have carried on the herring fishery during all that time, for the most part unmolested by the French. The catching of herrings is a necessary part of the summer's occupation to the people of St. George's Bay; and unless they are permitted to continue it undisturbed, destitution and hardship will be the result to them. The French—probably in pursuit of herring for bait, but chiefly for the purpose of retaliating upon Newfoundlanders for the operation of the Act whereby the French are prevented from freely obtaining bait upon the coasts of Newfoundland adjacent to St. Pierre—have entered into St. George's Bay, ordered the British subjects resident there to desist from their ordinary avocation of catching herrings, and have landed armed men to enforce their orders.

The French press says that the landing of an armed force was merely a "measure of police," but who gave the French a right to enforce their interpretation of the treaties upon British subjects on British soil? If the people of St. George's Bay were doing wrong, the French should have complained to the British authorities; and if these did not do their duty, France could have had the recourse usual when treaties are broken. For one nation to land her troops upon the soil of another to enforce her interpretation of treaties upon the subjects of that other is an act of war, and to such an act it would be shameful for this mighty nation to submit. Newfoundlanders claim that the French have violated the treaties by fortifying St. Pierre, and by making it "an object of jealousy between the two nations;" and if the British Government were ever to adopt this reasonable argument, and land an armed force in St. Pierre to enforce that argument, what would France say? What would the world say? And yet this would be an action in precise accord with the example the French have set in St. George's Bay.

The real root of the trouble between Great Britain and France lies not in "French shore rights," nor in "lobster questions," but in the desire of the French to obtain bait upon those parts of the coast of Newfoundland over which even they claim no right, wherewith to carry on their fishery upon the Banks, and the determination of Newfoundlanders not to allow them this bait until they reduce the enormous bounties upon exported fish, whereby fair competition by Newfoundlanders in foreign markets is rendered impossible. This question is too large to be treated of in this letter, and we therefore conclude by saying that the struggle in which Newfoundland is now engaged is one for existence, one of life and death, one in which too many of

her people feel that they have been left by the Mother Country to grapple single-handed with a mighty nation, but one in which the undersigned delegates feel, with joy, that Newfoundland has now the support of that press which is mightier than governments, broader than parties, and permeated in the main by an unselfish intention to espouse a cause which is obviously a just and holy one.—We remain, yours truly,

J. S. WINTER,  
P. J. SCOTT,  
A. B. MORINE.

Westminster Palace Hotel, London,  
May 27, 1890.

## II.—FROM AN ENGLISH POLITICIAN.

THE telegrams of the week from Newfoundland are alarming enough in all conscience; but it would be as well to regard them with a critical eye. The Truck-Merchant party, although it has lost political power, holds its wealth as yet intact, and the messages which we are receiving, at least the most sensational, may be framed in its interest. If the French naval authorities have been behaving as described, it is singular that they should not have informed their Government of their achievements. The militant Gaul is not used to hide his light under a bushel. It is not surprising that the Truck-Merchant party should strain every nerve just now to aggravate the political crisis, for in doing so lie their only hopes of shaking the Whiteway Ministry. Their defeat at the General Election meant much more to them than the loss of office. It foreshadowed the ultimate emancipation of the fishing population from their bondage. It is true that the election did not cancel the mortgages which they hold on the fishermen's craft, or erase the fishermen's names from their ledger; but when a body of debtors possesses absolute political power, it may safely be calculated that in one way or another the debtors will implant in their creditors a truly Christian humility and forbearance. If Venice had been a democracy, and Antonio the Parnell of the Rialto, Shylock would have voluntarily waived his claim to the pound of flesh, even if his debtor had lacked the aid of Portia's Tim Healy-like astuteness. The party of the Truck Merchants obtained their first chance of assailing the Whiteway Ministry when the Home Government concluded a *modus vivendi* with France in respect of the present lobster-catching season. It is contended by both parties in Newfoundland that the Home Government long ago conceded the principle that no arrangements would be made with France unless with the consent of the Newfoundlanders. This they claim under a despatch which they regard as the Charter of their Liberties, written in 1857 by Mr. Henry Labouchere (not the present one). The Home Government apparently think that the pledge only refers to permanent arrangements and not to a *modus vivendi*, with all rights reserved, lasting for but a few months. At all events, rightly or wrongly, being pushed into a corner, the Home Government concluded the *modus vivendi*. But that of itself could not have been counted for unrighteousness to the Whiteway Ministry in Newfoundland. Unluckily the telegraphic report of a maladroit answer delivered by Sir James Fergusson in the House made it appear that the Whiteway Ministry had been in some sense consenting parties to the *modus vivendi*. Thus, to obtain a little temporary respite from questioning in the House, or from sheer stupidity, the Queen's Government here did a serious hurt to their Newfoundland colleagues. The immediate result was the organisation of those public meetings at which Sir William Whiteway was denounced as a traitor, and loyalty was declared to be no longer a duty. At the largest of them the deputation which is now in this country was appointed. It is satisfactory to learn from the telegrams that Sir William Whiteway, the

leader of the popular party, is coming over next week to confer with the British Cabinet. Although yielding nothing to his opponents in their enmity to the novel pretensions of the French in regard to the lobster question, he is a more responsible and less *enragé* politician than any of them. On another branch of the great dispute with France—the bait question—his supporters, who are the bulk of the people, are divided in interest and opinion. Many of them perceive that it is for their common interest to sell bait to the French, and that an attempt to boycott the latter by withholding it can never settle the question. In time, indeed, it may be that the average Newfoundland fisherman will come to the conclusion that he would be just as well off (if not better off) working for a French master as for a Newfoundland "supply merchant." But that is an unhallowed and anti-imperialist thought, which should be banished from every well-regulated mind.

Failing that solution, what had best be done? The Newfoundland case in regard to lobsters is so strong and clear that arbitration might be thought the surest means of success, were there not reasonable grounds for believing that in arbitrations the average international arbitrator is unduly biassed against the power which so many regard as "the Old Pirate of the World." We have been treading on the toes of humanity for a century past, and when we charge a highwayman garrotting our son every magistrate before whom we take the case assumes that we must have done the accused some wrong in order to have provoked him to his alleged offence. The Imperial Government could, no doubt, purchase the complete extinction of the French claims to cod as well as lobster by sufficient sacrifices to France in other quarters. The evacuation of Egypt has been suggested. But, apart from the objections of the City, it is doubtful whether any French Cabinet could agree to such a solution without incurring dismissal by the Chamber. It would be argued against them that England was pledged to quit Egypt in any case, and that therefore they were giving away something for nothing. The Gambia is a settlement which those Englishmen who are aware of its existence regard as a contemptible possession; but for the French it has a strange fascination. They believe that with the Senegal and Gambia as main arteries they could constitute a vast empire of Timbuctoo as a rival to Hindostan. It is possible that they might accept the Gambia as the price of abandoning their Newfoundland rights. But here our own Jingoos would come in and spoil the market. The English Government has already on two occasions hinted an anxiety to trade the Gambia for other concessions from France—once when the Whigs and once when the Tories were in power. The British public rose like one man on each occasion and vetoed the transaction. As in the common case of Egypt just mentioned, the unregenerate Briton would say to his Cabinet, "Kick the French out of Newfoundland by all means, but give them nothing in exchange." The concession by Newfoundland of extensive rights on the Labrador shore has been suggested by a Canadian, and the French might accept that, in conjunction with the fixing of a date for evacuating Egypt. But anyone who knows the influence of the Stock Exchange in the councils of the Unionists, must be aware that the Government could make no such bargain. If Newfoundland is as rich in undeveloped resources as is said, the Colony could buy out the French with a guaranteed loan—but here the French Jingoos would interpose their veto. It is greatly to be doubted whether the anti-French feeling of the Newfoundlanders could obtain a triumph for itself even by the desperate expedient of offering themselves to the United States—an expedient from which, to do them bare justice, they would all shrink with honest horror. Uncle Jonathan has no mind to take up the fag end of our quarrel with France in this matter. He has solid as well as sentimental reasons for keeping well with old France; and he always has one eye open for the good-will of the French-Canadians. They would be for ever



alienated from him if he quarrelled with France about the cod and lobsters; and this would sadly interfere with the success of certain little designs which he cherishes in his inmost mind with regard to the future of the Canadian Dominion.

### THE SWEATING REPORT.

SINCE the first article on the Sweating Report was published in THE SPEAKER of May 17th Lord Dunraven's draft report, which was not even considered by his colleagues, has seen the light. The writer of THE SPEAKER articles, clearly an expert, could not have seen this draft, and accordingly I venture to submit the following remarks as a contribution to the stock of public knowledge of the facts rather than as a criticism on the remarks of THE SPEAKER. THE SPEAKER says that the Report "is about as good as was expected." There were two bodies of expectants. One expected, in the sense of hoped for, a remedy for such remediable wrongs as the influx of indigent aliens, insanitary and unregistered workshops, Government profit made from tyrannical and avaricious grinding of the poorer class of workers. The second body interested in the Report expected, in the sense of considered probable, the result of the inquiry would be that the Lords would leave things pretty much as they found them. That the second body of expectants was right is no proof that the Lords' Report is satisfactory. How ill-digested and deficient in sense of proportion is the Lords' summary of the four volumes of evidence may be seen from one or two examples. A trade, such as the chain-making industry, has little capital and no great influence behind it. The Lords' hearts burn within them at the tale of the chainmakers. They devote seven pages of their Report to its consideration, and plunge into specific suggestions of prohibitive legislation. This treatment, when contrasted with that accorded to a trade such as that of the lowest class of machine-made boots and shoes, points to the conclusion that when influence and capital are behind trades—as, for example, the clothiery, bootmaking, cabinet and upholstery trades—the Lords see little wrong; but when, as in the chainmakers' trade, the capital invested is insignificant, and the Jewish community is not concerned, scales fall from the eyes of the Lords, and drastic legislation is found to be both feasible and expedient. Who can perceive the difference in kind between the misery in Cradley Heath and the misery in Whitechapel and the Curtain Road? If it be possible to deal with the one, it is puzzling, on any other hypothesis than that of the deterrent influence of capital and politics, to know why the others do not receive equal consideration. Having regard to this unequal treatment, it is interesting to observe that the Lords appropriately begin their recommendations with the use of whitewash.

I submit that the key to the situation in the metropolis is the presence of a "stagnant population" perpetually fed by "a continual stream of labourers starting with an indefinitely low standard of life." I quote from THE SPEAKER. But the writer apparently accepts this "stagnant population" and this "continual stream" of aliens as a law of Nature against which it were idle to protest. There is another side to the position. So far as the stagnation is caused by immigration of population from agricultural districts drawn into the magnetic field of the great towns by the demagnetisation of the counties—in other words, by the substitution of pasture for arable land, by improvements in machinery, and by discontent born of education—it is to be met by the provision of settlements in our colonies. This is not the place to describe such a system of colonisation as will prevent under healthy conditions the influx to the great towns of disestablished agricultural labour. That such a system is feasible, I can testify from personal experience. So far as the stagnation arises from the influx of pauper aliens, it is to be met by such restrictive measures as have been already adopted in America and the Colonies. THE SPEAKER sums up the situation by adopting

Miss Potter's assertion that "the Gentile saves to drink, the Jew to save." No one can speak of Miss Potter without respect, or of her work without admiration. Than by this piece of epigram, a more cruel injustice has rarely been inflicted on the poor English, who suffer from the invasion of aliens. The men and women affected by this unnatural competition are temperate as a class. They are too poor either to save or to drink. I make this assertion as broadly and as boldly as Miss Potter's sweeping condemnation of every human being who has not the advantage of being of the seed of Abraham. We all respect the patience and sobriety of the Jews, but there is no need to deprive the Gentile of his character in order to emphasise the virtue of the Jew. All that is asked is that the virtuous Jew should be sober and patient in his own country when he is a foreigner, without capital, and devoid of skill. Mr. Fox, Mr. Llewellyn Smith, and other writers on the influx of population, base their conclusions on the alien lists which are sometimes furnished to the Home Office by the masters of incoming vessels, under the Act 6, Will. 4, c. 11. These returns are illusory, because the masters make returns or omit to do so as they please. Mr. Llewellyn Smith states that the lists are "never checked, and are so loosely made out that a whole family is often returned as only one person." I have taken much trouble to get at the facts, and can confirm the truth of Mr. Smith's statement. I find, moreover, that pauper aliens come over in cattle boats, &c., having worked their passage as helpers and drovers, and thus appear in no lists filed at the Home Office. The true immigration into London is not known under the present system, and until it is known the extent of the evil wrought is unknown. The first step to be taken therefore is to check the lists supposed to be returned, by means of the Quarantine officers, who should muster and record the numbers of the aliens on board, and also to include in these lists the aliens discharged from vessels arriving in London and the other great ports.

THE SPEAKER is inaccurate in saying that "the Committee point out many of the worst cases of sweating occur in trades in which there is no foreign immigration at all." The Committee do not go so far as this. They say, "We find that the evils complained of obtain in trades which *do not appear* to be affected by foreign immigration." Except the hardware and waterproofing trades, I do not know one single trade considered by the Committee that is not directly affected by foreign immigration. Clothing, saddlery, accoutrements, boots and shoes, cabinet-making, upholstery, shirt-making, mantle-making, and furriery, are all directly affected. With the exception of the two trades named, the faggot of evils which for convenience is called the Sweating System is due to a combination between avarice and immigration. I submit that a fair review of the evidence will show that this is true.

These remarks must not close without reiterating the fact that the case for the sweated was badly placed before the Committee. Having had something to do with organising much of the evidence, I can assure the public that many good witnesses at the last moment withdrew, because they were afraid to give evidence; while the testimony that was forthcoming proceeded from sources by no means free from objection. Lord Dunraven's report, bits of which are built into the fabric of the Lords' Report, seems to recognise this fact, and thus gives a more accurate view of the voluminous evidence, which probably has not been read through by two hundred living men. Public opinion has been on the crest of an emotional wave. It is now in the trough of satiety. It plumes itself on the sympathy it has shown. Weary of the subject, it now passes on to some new thing. The multitude for the most part grind and toil, and suffer in cellar and attic, as they were wont to suffer and to toil; for the tale of their sorrows has fallen on deaf ears. With recent improvements in Hotchkiss and Gardner guns, there is no fear of physical protest against conditions of life which neither heathen Kaffirs nor domestic animals are called on to endure. This is how we English deal with grave evils.

ARNOLD WHITE.

## RAILWAY PUNCTUALITY.

SOME railway companies are born punctual, some achieve punctuality, and some have punctuality thrust upon them. Of the former class are the French lines. The Paris and Lyons, for instance, keeps down the weight of its expresses by packing every carriage to the last seat, and then calmly—not to say contemptuously—leaving behind the luckless passengers for whom there is no room. It times its trains so slowly between stations that, in anything short of a hurricane, it is scarcely possible for the engine to lose time on the road; and at each station it allows every day of the week the maximum time which may be necessary perhaps twice in a season. Given conditions as favourable as these, given too the organising capacity of the logical French intellect, and punctuality of itself will come uncalled for. Of railways that achieve punctuality, the typical instance—for Londoners, at least, who are unacquainted with the virtues of the Lancashire and Yorkshire—is our own Great Eastern. Twenty years back the Great Eastern was a bye-word for unpunctuality. In the interval, during which its trains have become twice as heavy, twice as fast, and its line at least three times as crowded, it has steadily forged ahead till to-day, as the Parliamentary returns for January and March testify, it occupies the proud position of the most punctual line in England, or at least in London. How, it may be asked, has such a result been attained? Simply by the determination of every official on the line, from chairman, general manager, and superintendent, down to the last-appointed guard, driver, and signalman, that it shall be attained. If a train can be worked to time, the Great Eastern servants do it; if that is impossible, the timing is altered; or, in the last resort, the train is cancelled altogether. And drastic though this policy may be, it is unquestionably the right one, if the company is to consult the greatest happiness of the greatest number. For let us think for a moment what habitual unpunctuality means—not the unpunctuality of the Flying Scotchman or the Wild Irishman, by which most of us travel so seldom that half an hour's delay is of but slight consequence, but that of the trains by which a large percentage of Londoners travel every day of their lives. The Great Eastern brings into London every morning and takes back home every night certainly not less than 40,000 people. Five minutes wasted morning and evening would mean to each of these a loss of an hour a week—to put it in another form, a week in every year clean thrown away, or consumed in the utterance of unprofitable bad language.

Can further argument be needed to justify the endeavour to thrust punctuality upon companies like the South-Eastern? For no one who has any glimpse behind the scenes in the railway world can doubt that the figures just published by this latter company, showing even now at least a quarter of its trains between three and ten minutes late, are very different from what they would have been if these returns had never been called for. Whatever may happen later on in the season, whether the South-Eastern and its neighbours sink back into the slough of hopeless despondency in which they wallowed all last summer, or whether they maintain the comparatively respectable position of March last, at least we may admit that they are seriously trying at the present moment to make their trains as punctual as they can. But on lines overcrowded with traffic, with servants demoralised by a long course of training in irregularity, punctuality is not to be attained in a day, or indeed in a twelvemonth. In fact, on the lines into Cannon Street and Victoria it is not to be attained at all, till the directors have been compelled to realise that London is larger than it was five and twenty years back, and that the accommodation which barely sufficed then is ridiculously inadequate for the needs of to-day. But the criticisms of the public and the action of Parliament are not the only means by which punctuality—on paper at least—has been thrust upon the Southern companies. Take, for example, the South-Eastern return for March. On the face of it three trains out of every four reached the London terminus punctually.

But look a little way below the surface. In the first place the return does not say “to time,” but “to time and less than three minutes late,” that is to say, in the case of a great proportion of trains south of the Thames, even when they occupy on their journey 10 per cent. more than their booked time, they are still returned as punctual. For this relief, lines with a propensity for pottering at station signals should owe much thanks to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, its author. Then again the South-Eastern warns us that “this return does not include March 4, on which day dense fog prevailed.” Cannon Street station in a dense fog is unquestionably not a pretty sight, and perhaps it is well to draw a veil over it, even though the doing so should involve flat disobedience to the orders of the High Court of Parliament. But in return it must be acknowledged that these two deductions probably bring down the proportion of really punctual trains from three out of four to less than one-half.

At this point it may fairly be asked why we have ignored the Northern companies altogether, seeing that the Midland and the North-Western at least appear on paper to be far more unpunctual than any of the Southern lines. We have done so advisedly, and for this reason, that the return in its present form is entirely misleading. Practically the whole of the Midland and the larger part of the North-Western trains which are returned come from long distances. It is absurd to compare these on all fours with trains starting from Dartford and Woolwich, from Bickley or the Crystal Palace. Unpunctuality in the one case is a venial, in the other a mortal sin. The South-Eastern—as also the Chatham—makes a great to-do about its Continental trains, but its Continental trains are only some 240 in the month out of a total of 6,500, and their unpunctuality only began for the most part after the French trains reached Boulogne or Calais. On the other hand more than 20 per cent. of North-Western unpunctuality is accounted for by trains which originated in Scotland or Ireland. But by all means, if the South-Eastern authorities wish it, let us have, as we certainly ought to have, long distance and suburban trains returned separately. Let us have, rather, three sets of tables.

- A. Short distance trains (say, under 30 miles).
- B. Long distance trains wholly under the company's control.
- C. “ “ “ starting beyond the territory of the London company.

And in the case of C let the punctuality be taken in accordance with the time at which the London company receives the train. But in that event we give fair warning that we shall expect the unpunctuality in class A to approximate to zero. And this might scarcely suit the Southern companies, the vast proportion of whose trains come into this category. Still even now, and taking the tables as we have them, we are well content. They have already exerted a powerful influence for good. We do not think that the public are likely to dispense with them in future, and it is easy to modify and improve their form at a later period.

## ART CRITICS.

THERE is room for yet a new journal, *The Critic of the Critics*.

At present the critics form an irresponsible body wielding terrible powers. They look after everyone else, but there is none to look after them. In our police force, while the constable watches the burglar, the inspector watches the constable. It is a triad—Sikes furtively scaling the wall, X “shadowing” Sikes from the street-corner, Y shadowing X. We want something like this in art and letters—especially in art. If we had it, we should attain to that ideal of a reformed society in which every man is minding the business of his neighbour.

The art critics, above all, need watching in the public interest. Some of them know so little, and all of them say so much. They devote a phrase to the labours of a year. It is the nicest of all questions, whether the critic should be a painter. Our own



opinion, following that of an eminent authority, is that he should be a painter who cannot paint. Lord Beaconsfield, in his memorable saying, meant to be very severe; he only succeeded in being very profound—a rare misadventure with him. Critics ought to be the men who have failed. Their failure means no more than that they have an excess of the analytical faculty. They reason so well about action that they cannot act. Their defect is their qualification for judgment. They can take a fine deed all to pieces in a way that would startle the man who performed it. The art critic must have failed as an artist, else he will have no insight into the questions of *technique*. This effect of sunshine or cloud, for which he toiled in vain in his own 'prentice days, lo! the Heaven-born practitioner has secured it by two strokes of the brush. In such a case, the critic's enthusiasm would be the direct result of his knowledge of difficulty overcome.

Art critics as they exist are mostly rank outsiders. There are notable exceptions, but, for our present purpose, it can do no good to mention them. The typical art critic is merely a gentleman who can "sling ink," but who has never tried to sling colour. Such is often his sole qualification for an office in which his judgments are the dooms of death. He is our Mr. So-and-So, who has never held a crayon in his hand, but who can turn a sentence. To turn a sentence is his only way of turning a difficulty, yet, confident in this power, he will affront a square mile of canvas with perfect lightness of heart. He finds his way by the principle of praising what gives him pleasure. He "knows what he likes." So he does; but what he likes does not matter. He does not know what to like—that is the humour of it. He praises for the subject, even for the title. "Parting Words," "Doggie," "At the Gate," "Bedtime," "Daddy's Return"—can we not see what sweet sanctities of domestic life these names suggest to him? Such notices as he writes on them might almost be written from the catalogue. "Parting Words" is beautiful, only he would have liked to see the lady frown a sweeter frown. "Bedtime" is altogether wholesome and sound—the little cot, the mother, the uplifted tiny hands. "Doggie" he likes for its humour—the lump of sugar on the tip of the nose, and baby's minatory finger to keep it there till he gives the word. The things he says about the pure art-quality of the work are afterthoughts, always irrelevant, mostly foolish. When he thinks he is talking of a landscape, he is really talking of a place in which he would like to eat salad and cold chicken-pie. This is the poor plain dealer of criticism, and he goes straight forward "knowing what he likes," and saying so in all seriousness. Another variety of him is the man who says it in all smartness. This one prides himself on knowing what he dislikes, and in knocking off his judgment in an epigram, or in the sheer impertinence which is epigram's flash coin. He chaffs the pictures all round, and is altogether a finished specimen of the class of wits known in ladies' boarding-schools as the regular quiz. He objects to a landscape for its suggestion of rheumatism, and to a drapery on the score of latent cold in the head. He never dreams that there are whole worlds of mystery in composition colour, drawing, brush work, values, to which his ignorance of the practice of the art bars all access. In regard to these things, he is simply not in it. He sees not what is there, he misses not what is wanting. He has not the faintest idea of the subtlety of device, by which the eye may be carried round an entire composition, until it is forced to rest exactly where the painter wills. That new tone-perspective, by which things are placed in accurately marked gradations of distance, is—if the pun may be forgiven—a thing of no value to him. There is but one way to judge these effects, and that is to have tried to render them. There is but one way of giving a good reason for the judgment—to have tried to render them and to have failed. This twofold qualification of negatives, joined with all that is needful in the positives of literary faculty, makes the great critic. Mr. Ruskin writes so well on art, not only because he has tried to paint, but because his painting is not worth a cent. As it is, he often gets quite out of his depth and

has to escape by simply knowing what he likes. But it is a treat to see him escaping—he being the master of letters that he is.

For a parallel that all may understand, let us try to conceive a criticism of Mr. Walter Pater from the point of view of the action, the story, or of any other source of interest accessible to the plain dealer who merely knows what he likes. Or how, if we took Charles Lamb as simply something to be proved, and objected to this or that piece of delicious trifling on the ground that the author had not made out his case. Newman, too, might come badly off if judged solely with a view to his logical power or the reasonableness of his doctrine. Perhaps the ideal combination for this office of criticism would be, the twinship of a lively writer with a mute inglorious brother who has failed in art.

### AN AWFUL WARNING.

IT was bound to come, and it has come. The hand that penned "Anna Karenina" has given the "Kreutzer Sonata" to the world; and it has all happened in the most perfectly natural manner. The mountain was advertised all over the world as being in labour, and a few people are still advertising the mouse; but it is a poor business.

Tolstoi was born into the world an artist. There came a point in his life when, for reasons that he has been at pains to give, he jilted Art and turned his back on her. He did so deliberately—we use the word "deliberately" because the adverb generally accompanies, in popular talk, the reactions of age which, as a matter of fact, are quite as independent of deliberation as are the ardours of youth: and he took to preaching instead. We wonder if complacent Age ever realises the genuine amusement with which Youth looks on at these "deliberate renunciations." Here, for instance, is Count Tolstoi, by his own confession, a reformed pleasure-seeker, a man who has eaten his cake to satiety, shouting aloud that cake is bad for youngsters. Well, the spectacle is familiar enough, and hardly worth whole chapters of advertisement in the *Review of Reviews* and the *Universal Review*.

But the absurdity does not end here. Tolstoi denied his art, and then turned back to it to help him through with his sermon. He saw too late what has become patent to everyone during the last few years, that the sermon is far inferior to the novel as a moral projectile: that the novel carries a thousand times as far and does a thousand times more execution. So he wrote a novel, and here it is:—

Posdnicheff married a young woman because of her curls and her jersey: Posdnicheff soon grew to hate her: Troukhatchevski, a musician, came and played the violin to her: so Posdnicheff grew jealous and slew her with a dagger.

That is all the story. The rest of the book (276 pp. in the French translation, *Alphonse Lemerre*: 230 pp. in Mr. Sutherland Edwards's English translation, because he has bowdlerised) is taken up with Posdnicheff's views of matrimony, which, we are given to understand by the advertisements, are also Tolstoi's views. Of course, if he were any longer an artist, his conscience would have risen in its wrath against this poor trick of putting his own views into Posdnicheff's mouth—such a mouth as it is, too! What we would first call attention to is that the story itself is unworthy even of the authoress of "Bootles' Baby." And Tolstoi wrote "Anna Karenina."

But the doctrine is the thing, not Posdnicheff's story but Posdnicheff's views. Mr. Stead, a bold good man, sent Posdnicheff's views to a lady of his acquaintance, who returned them saying that Posdnicheff's views were "oriental." Most of them appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* some while ago, ostensibly from Clapham, Tooting, and contiguous spots; but this may have been an artifice. If so—if the *Daily Telegraph* hold the gorgeous East in fee not only for its literary style and its Editor, but for its correspondents also—we must still submit that the views *might* have come from Tooting.

For—Tooting or Samarcand, Tolstoi or A Constant Reader—they are quite familiar to us; so familiar as to be almost *bourgeois*. Posdnicheff, in fact, is by this time very like old Podsnap writ large. Also they are very foolish; and if it seem presumptuous to apply this term to anything that Tolstoi has written, let the reader consider the ensuing specimen of the book's "philosophy."

"But," said I, "if your theory were followed, how would the human race be continued?"

"Why should it be continued?" Posdnicheff replied with vehemence.

"You ask why? But in that case we should cease to exist."

"Why is it necessary that we should exist?"

"Well, to live."

"But why live? The Schopenhauers, the Hartmanns, all the Buddhists say that the greatest happiness is the Nirvana, or non-existence; and they are right in this sense—that the happiness of Humanity consists in the annihilation of self. Only they do not express themselves well. They say that Humanity should annihilate itself in order to avoid suffering, and that its object should be self-destruction. Now the aim of Humanity cannot be to avoid suffering through annihilation, since suffering is the result of activity: the aim of activity cannot consist in suppressing its consequences. The object of man, of Humanity, is happiness; and to attain it, Humanity has a law which she must put into execution. This law consists in the union of beings. The union is impeded by human passions. But if human passions disappeared the union would be accomplished. Humanity would then have executed the law and would have no further reason for existing. . . . As long as physical love exists, generations will be born, one of which will, ultimately, accomplish the law. When at last the law is accomplished, the human race will come to an end."

But the inherent foolishness of the book as representing Tolstoi's social philosophy is shown by the fact that the author utterly denies the validity of his own opinions at the very outset. If a man, as is claimed (very probably with truth), by the excesses of his early life cuts himself for ever from all appreciation of the true secret of marriage, why on earth are we allowed to listen to Posdnicheff for two hundred mortal pages? Art and Sermonizing are here, as always, at daggers drawn. If we are to accept Posdnicheff we must cast his philosophy overboard: if we take the philosophy, *exit* Posdnicheff.

Now Tolstoi the man is inseparable from Tolstoi the social philosopher. He has made the separation impossible by the personal character of his dogmatic writing, and he has insisted on the impossibility. We must be forgiven therefore for saying plainly that almost every line of the "Kreutzer Sonata" is just what might have been expected from a reformed rake; and that the value of this treatise against passionate love, written by an old man, is precisely the value we should attach to a treatise in favour of passionate love written by a young man on his honeymoon. We count ourselves deep admirers of Tolstoi's writings, not only "Anna Karenina," "The War and the Peace," and "Sevastopol," but also, be it said, of "My Religion" and "Que Faire?" But having deserted Art, he should have deserted her wholly. (Imagine what the *Winter's Tale* would have been if Shakespeare had treated Jealousy after the manner of Posdnicheff!) And it will not be cant, either, to say that as the glory of building the Temple was denied to David as a man of blood, so the temple of the New Matrimony will hardly be constructed by a man such as Tolstoi has so nobly and frankly revealed himself in his confessions. We might be uncertain on this point; but if we read him aright, Tolstoi has himself insisted upon it in this volume. The wonder is that he did not see the suicidal nature of this contention. But marvellous disasters befall an artist who jilts his proper love to go a-preaching.

### CRICKET SO FAR.

SOME years have passed since a Cabinet Minister telegraphed for the result of a bye-election, and received the reply—"Australians leading by 180, Murdoch 90 not out." Cricket enthusiasm has not diminished since that evening, but the last three weeks have proved that Mr. Murdoch's second team of Colonials is not to make English boys (and men) tremble for

the honour of their country as did the first. Even the last team was stronger than this one. Those who attend cricket matches to hold their breath while Mr. Turner bowls, or to applaud a scientific cut, or to cheer bad play (for enthusiasts are of various kinds), or to explain to the ladies who accompany them that Mr. Read does not field near the ropes "because there is an attraction there," will remember the excitement at Lord's when Mr. Grace and Mr. Shuter, playing for the Gentlemen, checked the triumphal career of the visitors of two years ago, but there will be no such scene of joy this season, for already the Colonials have been beaten twice—and by teams that would probably have succumbed to several of our county elevens. That Yorkshire should this week have vanquished them is surprising even in cricket—a game so uncertain that the ladies who bet gloves on the unpopular side in the inter-university-match are said to win twice in three times. Last year Yorkshire's record was so doleful that Ulyett and Lord Hawke could walk the streets of Sheffield like ordinary mortals, but with this week's victory the county's pride in its eleven returns.

To set against this defeat the Colonials have their victory over Surrey, one of the three counties that claimed the premiership last year. The English reporters at cricket matches are as impartial (a fine thing this) as the judge on the bench, and they agreed that Surrey was beaten "on its merits." As Yorkshire seems to have won on its merits also, we may conclude that the Australians can play what is called a winning game as brilliantly as ever, but are less sturdy than of old when they have uphill work before them. Again and again did Mr. Murdoch's first team blot out the small score of a first innings with a big score the second, and until their tenth wicket was down there was no saying but that it might add fifty runs. So far the present eleven has not been so slow to admit coming defeat, and its "tail," like the tail of nearly all English teams, has given little trouble. The genuine lover of the best of English pastimes can certainly spend an afternoon delightfully looking at this eleven, but he who wants sensation for his gate-money will scarcely get it. The Australian teams that have been most talked of in this country were those that brought us novelties—Mr. Spofforth to frighten our batsmen, Mr. Murdoch improved in batting out of knowledge, and Mr. Turner and Mr. Ferris to make us forget Mr. Spofforth. Six of the members of the present team are new to England, but, though all are useful, none are for speaking of with bated breath. Obviously Mr. McDonnell and Mr. Giffen could easily have filled the places of any three of them. If Mr. Moses had come he might have supplied the interesting novelty. Mr. Murdoch began the tour so well that it seemed as if he was resuming cricket where he left off when he married, but in his later appearances may be read his want of practice. Mr. Jones, who played so beautifully for the last team until his health broke down, has not as yet parted with his nervousness, but Mr. Blackham is the man he has ever been, and Mr. Lyons is proving consistently useful with both bat and ball. He is not a Giffen, but he may become one. The two young bowlers are as effective as ever. On the whole it is an eleven to put any first-class county on its mettle, but by no means so strong as, say, a picked team of players.

If the best side wins we should, however, expect to see the Colonials defeat the Gentlemen. There are still half-a-dozen Gentlemen cricketers equal with the bat to any corresponding number of players, but the Gentleman bowler will be looked for in vain. Mr. Woods, who has not been able to play lately, is the best we have, and Mr. Grace is perhaps the second best. This is lamentable but not astounding, for the Gentlemen cannot produce an A. G. Steel twice in a decade. The result is that no eleven which relies upon Gentlemen bowlers has any chance for the county championship. Gloucestershire, with the incomparable "W. G." at its head, can make its three hundred runs in an innings, but bowls so weakly that the enemy responds with four hundred. Middlesex, in a similar plight, went down this week before Somerset. Until the schools and universities



realise that bowling is as fine a thing as batting, the counties that are chiefly represented by Players will have the championship between them.

The Player, too, is a cricketer, until his arms and eye fail him, while the Gentlemen's cricket seasons are usually few in number. At the present moment, Notts, which has just routed Surrey, its stiffest opponent, depends on men who have played for it yearly since many of us were in our teens. Alfred Shaw only looks on now, so far as county matches are concerned, but his partner, Shrewsbury, has, so far, the best average for the year in England, and the man who comes nearest him is the gigantic Gunn, of whom Mr. Murdoch once predicted that he was to be "W. G.'s" successor. Barnes and Flowers, who have done little this season, are veterans beside Gunn and Attewell, and so are Sherwin and Scotton. Mr. Dixon is the only Gentleman playing regularly in the eleven, which, with Shacklock, Richardson, and Butler, may be said to contain half a dozen crack batsmen and at least as many bowlers; indeed, Notts is so strong just now that it has been able to give Bean to Sussex, Walter Wright to Kent, and, if we mistake not, even a Player to Surrey. It had a better record last year, though by no means an unbroken one, than any other county, and this season it has certainly made the best beginning. Surrey, despite this week, should be its chief rival, and evidently Mr. Hornby's county, as the reporters call Lancashire, will as usual stand high. There is little probability of Yorkshire's repeating its disasters of last season, so that the premiership is not likely to come south unless Surrey carries it. Surrey cannot now be champion, for cricketers refuse that title to a county that has suffered a reverse.

### THE DOCTOR'S FOUNDLING.

THERE are said to be many vipers on the Downs above the sea; but it was so pleasant to find a breeze up there allaying the fervid afternoon, that I risked the consequences and stretched myself at full length, tilting my straw hat well over my nose.

Presently, above the *tic-a-tic-tick* of the grasshoppers, and the wail of a passing gull, a human sound seemed to start abruptly out of the solitude—the voice of a man singing. I rose on my elbow, and pushed the straw hat up a bit. Under its brim, through the quivering atmosphere, I saw the fellow, two hundred yards away, a dark obtrusive blot on the bronze landscape. He was coming along the track that would lead him down-hill to the port; and his voice fell louder on the still air—

"Ho! the prickly briar,  
It prickles my throat so sore—  
If I get out o' the prickly briar,  
I'll never get in any more.  
Ho! just loosen the rope"—

At this point I must have come within his view, for he halted a moment, and then turned abruptly out of the track towards me, —a scarecrow of a figure, powdered white with dust. In spite of the weather, he wore his tattered coat buttoned at the throat, with the collar turned up. Probably he possessed no shirt; certainly no socks, for his toes protruded from the broken boots. He was quite young.

Without salutation he dropped on the turf two paces off and remarked—

"It's bloomin' 'ot."

There was just a pause while he cast his eyes back on the country he had travelled: then, jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the port, he inquired—

"Ow's the old lot?"

Said I, "Look here; you're Dick Jago. How far have you walked to-day?"

He had turned on me as if ready with a sharp question, but changed his mind and answered doggedly—

"All the way from Lewmouth."

"Very well; then it's right-about-face with you and back to Lewmouth before I let you go. Do you see this stick? If you attempt to walk a step more towards the port, I'll crack your head with it."

He gulped down something in his throat. "Is the old man ill?" he asked.

"He's dead," said I, simply.

The fellow turned his eyes to the horizon, and began whistling the air of "The Prickly Briar" softly to himself. And while he whistled, my memory ran back to the day when he first came to trouble us, and play the fiend's mischief with a couple of dear honest hearts.

The day I travelled back to was one in the prime of May, when the lilacs were out by Dr. Jago's green gate, and the General from Lewmouth Barracks, with the red and white feathers in his cocked-hat, had just cantered up the street, followed by a dozen shouting urchins, on his way to the Downs. For it was the end of the militia-training, when the review was always held; and all the morning the bugles had been sounding at the head of every street and lane where the men were billeted.

When the gold-laced General disappeared, he left the streets all but empty; for the townspeople by this time had flocked to the Downs. Only by Dr. Jago's gate there stood a small group in the sunshine. Kitty, the doctor's mare that had pulled his gig for ten years, was standing saddled in the roadway, with a stable-boy at her head; just outside the gate, the little doctor himself in regimentals and black cocked-hat with black feathers, regarding her; behind, the pleasant old face of his wife, regarding *him*; and, behind again, the two maid-servants regarding the group generally from behind their mistress's shoulder.

"Maria, I shall never do it," said the doctor, measuring with his eye the distance between the ground and the stirrup.

"Indeed, John, I don't think you will."

"There was a time when I'd have vaulted it. I'm abominably late as it is, Maria."

"Shall I give master a leg up?" suggested one of the maids.

"No, Susan, you will do nothing of the kind." Mrs. Jago paused, her brow wrinkled beneath her white lace cap. Then an inspiration came—"The chair—a kitchen chair, Susan!"

The maid flew; the chair was brought; and that is how the good old doctor mounted for the review. Three minutes later he was trotting soberly up the street, pausing twice to kiss his hand to his wife, who watched him proudly from the green gate, and took off her spectacles and wiped them, the better to see him out of sight.

By the time Dr. Jago reached the Downs, the review was in full swing. The colonel shouted, the sergeants shouted, the regiment formed, re-formed, marched, charged at the double, and fired volleys of blank cartridges. The General and orderlies galloped from spot to spot without apparent object; and all was very martial. At last the doctor grew tired of trotting up and down without being wanted. He thought with longing of some pools, half a mile away, in a hollow of the Downs, that contained certain freshwater shells about which he held a theory. The afternoon was hot. He glanced round—no one seemed to want him: so he turned Kitty into a grassy defile that led to the pools, and walked her leisurely away.

Half an hour later he stood, ankle-deep in water, groping for his shells and oblivious of the review, the firing that echoed far away, the flight of time—everything. Kitty, with one fore-leg through the bridle, was cropping on the brink. Minutes passed, and the doctor raised his head, for the blood was running into it. At that moment his eye was caught by a scarlet object under a gorse-bush on the opposite bank. He gave a second look, then waded across towards it.

It was a baby: a baby not a week old, wrapped only in a red handkerchief.

The doctor bent over it. The infant opened its eyes and began to wail. At this instant an orderly appeared on the ridge above, scanning the country. He caught sight of the doctor

and descended to the opposite shore of the pool, where he saluted and yelled his message. It appeared that some awkward militiaman had blown his thumb off in the blank cartridge practice and surgical help was wanted at once.

Doctor Jago dropped the corner of the handkerchief, returned across the pool, was helped on to Kitty's back and cantered away, the orderly after him.

In an hour's time, having put on a tourniquet and bandaged the hand, he was back again by the pool. The baby was still there. He lifted it and found a scrap of paper underneath. . . .

The doctor returned by devious ways to his home, a full hour before he was expected. He rode in at the back gate, where to his secret satisfaction he found no stable-boy. So he stabled Kitty himself, and crept into his own house like a thief. Nor was it like his habits to pay, as he did, a visit to the little cupboard (where the brandy-bottle was kept) underneath the stairs, before entering the drawing-room, with his face full of guilt and diplomacy.

"Gracious, John!" cried out Mrs. Jago, dropping her knitting. "Is the review over already?"

"No, I don't think it is—at least, I don't know," stammered the doctor.

"John, you have had another attack of that vertigo."

"Upon my honour I have not, Maria." The doctor was vehement; for the vertigo necessitated brandy, and a visit to the little cupboard below the stairs meant hideous detection.

So he sat up and tried to describe the review to his wife, and made such an abject mess of it, that after twenty minutes she made up her mind that he *must* have a headache, and, leaving the room quietly, went to the little cupboard below the stairs. She found the door ajar. . . .

When, after a long absence, she reappeared in the drawing-room, she had forgotten to bring the brandy, and wore a look as guilty as her husband's. So they sat together and talked in the twilight on trivial matters; and each had a heart insufferably burdened, and each was waiting desperately for an opportunity to lighten it.

"John," said Mrs. Jago at last, "we are getting poor company for each other."

"Maria!"

"I've been thinking, John, on that old sorrow of ours—that I never bore you a child."

The doctor leapt to his feet; and these old souls, who knew each other so passing well, looked into each other's eyes, half in terror.

At that instant a feeble wail smote on their ears. It came from the cupboard underneath the stairs.

"Maria! I put it there myself, two hours ago. I picked it up on the downs. I've been—"

"You! I thought it was some beggar-woman's doing. John, John—why didn't you say so before!"

And she rushed out of the room.

\* \* \* \* \*

This seedy scamp who reclined beside me was the child that she brought back with her from the little cupboard. They had adopted him, fed him, educated him, wrapped him round with love; and he had lived to break their hearts. Possibly there was some gipsy blood in him that defied their nurture. But the speculation is not worth going into. I only know that I felt the better that afternoon as I watched his figure diminishing on the road back to Lewmouth. He had a crown of mine in his pocket, and was still singing—

"Ho! just loosen the rope,  
If it's only just for a while;  
I fancy I see my father coming  
Across from yonder stile."

I had lied in telling him that the old doctor was dead. As a matter of fact he lay dying that afternoon. Half-way down the hill I saw the small figure of Jacobs, the sexton, turn in at the church-gate. He was going to toll the passing-bell.

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## MR. POYNTER'S "QUEEN OF SHEBA."

LIKE Mr. Burne-Jones, Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A., has just put the finishing touch to a great work which for long years has claimed his patient brush. His "Meeting of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba," now hanging at Maclean's Gallery, is a canvas 11ft. 6in. by 7ft. 6in., and the crowning triumph of his learned industry. It shows us the sagacious and splendid sovereign, under whose sceptre the Israelitish monarchy reached its perihelion, in the grand court of the palace of his magnificence, by all state and pomp attended, descending, with gesture half-gracious, half-patronising, from his throne of gold and ivory, alabaster steps guarded by twelve great golden lions, to greet that mysterious queen, whom his political power or great fame drew for a space from out an unknown country to within his luminous circle and the ken of history, only to melt away again into the realms of dim conjecture. Solomon, a dark and kingly Jew in the fresh prime of manhood, is obviously surprised by the enchanting loveliness of the palely golden woman, gem-laden to the waist, below which shimmering silks still express her graceful outline; while the queen bends low with subtly suggested pride, modesty, and delight. Behind her stand her retinue—lovely virgins, gift-bearing slaves, and the chief eunuch cross-armed and dignified. The artist suggests that the renowned Hebrew will not let his guest depart until he has won that one small kiss from Balkis of which a modern poet sings; but behind him the beautiful ladies of his harem, whose astounding number the Scriptures record, watch the advance of the queenly beauty with a hypercritical air of armed neutrality, whilst the royal musicians strike their loud harps, and faint blue incense softens the perfumed air. The colour is rich and sumptuous, and the well-balanced composition shows us the artist dealing with easier and fuller lines than usual without apparent effort. The effect of a spacious and luminous chamber is nobly rendered. The central figures might have gained something in distinctive meaning from a more emphatic isolation. The fabulous affluence of the Hebrew court is lavishly displayed. The architecture strikes us as Roman modified by Layard's discoveries and the voluptuous richness of comparatively modern Oriental decoration. We accept the brilliant turquoise enamel; but are curious to know what suggested to Mr. Poynter the vermilion pillars which form so striking a feature. The painting of the marble steps and life-size peacocks in the foreground is simply marvellous.

## LAND AND FINANCE IN VICTORIA.

MELBOURNE, April 9.

SINCE the Intercolonial Congress dispersed there has been nothing to excite any keen general interest. The two leaders of Opposition, Mr. Munro and Mr. Shields, have not yet got back from England; and no administrative trouble has occurred to give the free lances of Parliament an excuse for tilting at the Ministry. The real rock ahead for the Premier and his colleagues is undoubtedly the financial situation. In ordinary times there would be no trouble at all. The revenue, though it is falling off, will more than realise the Treasurer's estimates, and there has been some windfalls from legacy-duty, which reduce the falling-off to an almost nominal amount. Unluckily, we have to finance on a large scale to wipe out the debt with which the blundering of our railway engineers have saddled us, and to provide for future needs. We need the confidence of the English lender, and precisely at this moment it seems as if the English lender was beginning to listen to every kind of vague rumour throwing doubt upon our resources. One week we are told that we cannot possibly borrow more than half the sum we want, and another week we learn that the economist has declared landed property to be unsaleable in the colony. The recurrence and the multiplication of these alarms are calculated to shake the most solid credit.



The facts are not really such as justify a panic. We had a land-boom two years ago, which was like land-booms everywhere. There was a good deal of money wanting investment, and as for some years past Melbourne has absorbed the whole surplus population of the country, city allotments came to be at a premium. The method of selling on deferred payments was introduced, and added largely to the fever for investment. Men who acquired a freehold by giving bills that were spread over three years, easily persuaded themselves that they would be able to sell out at a profit, long before the last term arrived. Unluckily, land speculators were not content to confine their operations to land within a reasonable distance of the city. New townships were planned at ten and even twenty miles' distance from Melbourne, with no advantages of railway communication, and on such terms that the artisan, if he went there, got nothing in the shape of a trim suburban garden to compensate him for his long journey to and from his work. For a time the infatuation lasted, and hundreds of men with small means put their savings into these absurd speculations. Then, as the public was exhausted or became wary, the land syndicates resorted to sheer trickery, and tried to delude the public by sham sales to their own agents, or by dishonest reports of private transactions. At last the banks put on the screw, and the land-boom instantly collapsed. We have not yet heard the last of it, and the papers are every week containing fresh disclosures of fraud, as promoters of syndicates pass through the Bankruptcy Court. What is really most astonishing about the matter, however, is that the loss has been so small. The first sellers of land have, as a rule, been paid in full, or have been paid a great part, and can fall back upon the land to which they have not given a title. These persons in most cases are only the poorer by the loss of some portion of the gains they were justified in expecting. There has been one suspension of payment by a Building Society that went into land speculations itself, and financed for people who went in; but not a single bank has been hard hit by the collapse. The only sufferers are the purchasers at land-sales, and the promoters of syndicates. The purchasers are mostly men of small means, who could not invest very heavily, and they are for the most part rather crippled than ruined. They are meeting their acceptances honestly as they fall due, but they were not able to lay by money last year, and will make no economies for some time to come.

Meanwhile, the promoters of the land-sales have been ruined with scarcely an exception. Among the best known, I only know of two who are supposed to be safe. It must be borne in mind, however, that our best business men kept free from the delusion. I do not mean to say that now and again a really solid man was not tempted to put a small sum into land, but I believe cases of this kind were rare, and bear no comparison with the risks that several of our wealthiest firms have undertaken in the silver market. The result has been that the collapse of the land-boom has scarcely affected commercial credit at all; and that land, though certainly less saleable than it was, is only unsaleable in parts where it was run up to fancy values. A syndicate that should try to buy land in Melbourne or the suburbs at depreciated rates would soon find out that it could do no business.

The Melbourne Correspondent of the *Times* has been particularly severe on the irrigation policy of the Government; and I think it is fair to say that he denounces it as a costly and hazardous experiment, and believes that the farmers are already preparing to repudiate their liabilities for water supplied by the State with borrowed money. My own impression is that irrigation works are just now even more necessary than railways, and likely to pay better. We have a population of 1,100,000 in a country as big as Great Britain, with a rich soil in half its area, and with a climate which ranges from that of Devonshire to that of Spain. With our gold-mines failing us, and with no real coal-fields, we are bound to develop our agricultural resources, if we wish to support a population of six or eight millions. Experts tell us that we have at least a million acres that can be made to

produce as much as the best parts of Lombardy or California if they are only irrigated. This, in fact, means that they can be raised from an average value of three pounds an acre to one of at least forty pounds, and will support fifty times the population they now bear, as the land in question is mostly given up to sheep. In this calculation no account is taken of the land that can be partially or intermittently watered, and which constitutes a much wider domain. Even so, it seems as if the State was abundantly justified in borrowing four or five millions, that it may construct the necessary headworks, and lend money to the water-trusts, that are prepared to carry out approved schemes of reticulation. Thus far there has been no trouble about collecting the money owed by the different trusts. A single impecunious trust attempted to move the sympathy of Parliament, and was summarily directed to pay up by both sides of the House. At the same time it is undoubtedly true that a good many of the trusts murmur at being required to pay interest before water is supplied. They argue that in the case of a railway, the district is not called upon to enter into any guarantee for the payment of interest, and the State recoups itself as it best can, when the line is completed, by charging fares and freight to those who make use of it. Hitherto this argument has not prevailed, and it is obvious that if we listen to it, we shall next be called upon to drain the wet districts, and recover costs as we can. Meanwhile, it is important to observe that the question is only one of the incidence of charges among ourselves, and does not affect the foreign creditor. Even if we should decide to make a present to the farmer of all the money we have spent or contracted to spend, the State would still be a great gainer by the immense stimulus given to population and production. There is not, however, the smallest reason to apprehend that we shall ever relieve the farmer from paying for water that will have quadrupled the value of his estate.

The event of the week has been a tournament of speeches between Mr. Henry George, as the Apostle of Free Trade, and Mr. Trenwith, a Victorian member of Parliament. The parties were not unevenly matched; for though Mr. George is the superior in literary talent, and is a practised lecturer, with great command of repartee, Mr. Trenwith is a very effective platform speaker, and had the advantage over his opponent of knowing the local situation in and out. The discussion was a drawn battle; each party claiming the victory for its representative, but each disputant, in fact, arguing upon totally different lines from his antagonist. Mr. George entrenched himself behind abstract principles, and argued, in the fashion of Bastiat, that a Protectionist community ought logically to revert to the condition of the naked savage, who wears an opossum skin for his coat, and uses tools made of flint. Mr. Trenwith was able to retort that, as a matter of fact, trade, production, and population had increased out of all proportion in Victoria since a Protectionist tariff was introduced; and he claimed, what is generally admitted here, that the working population of Protectionist Victoria is far better off than that of New South Wales, where Free Trade has not yet been dethroned. I do not know who the inviters of Mr. George have been, but I confess to thinking that they have been singularly ill-advised in sending for him. The prosperity of Victoria for some years past has been phenomenal, and our neighbours have at the same time been all more or less embarrassed, and discharging their surplus labour into this colony. It is quite possible that our well-being is unconnected with Protection, and is really due to the fact that till lately we husbanded our resources, and have so been able to borrow and spend largely during the last four or five years. Still, to come to the most prosperous community in the group, and assure it that it is on the high-road to ruin, and that it would be richer if it had financed like New South Wales, is to invite incredulity. Had Mr. George known anything of our local history, he might have made some exceedingly telling points on the impossibility of protecting all industries. A portion of our farmers are at this moment in arms, because they have been refused a prohibitive duty, or something approaching to it, on the

importation of live stock from the neighbouring colonies, while they are taxed to protect the manufacture of a variety of agricultural implements. It is quite possible that this may prove to be the little rift in the lute, which will spoil the accord of Protectionist music in the future. Meanwhile, at this moment, Protection is undoubtedly stronger than it has ever been, not only in Victoria, but throughout the continent; and the sister-colonies regard our tariff as a masterpiece of selfish but astute statesmanship. Mr. George could hardly have picked out communities less likely to be convinced.

### A MEMORY.

NO more those strips of springing wheat,  
Nor olive orchards silver-grey,  
Nor cypress crowning lucent hills  
Beneath the broad Italian day  
Shall I behold—but arching lanes  
And cowslip fields and tender grass,  
And cool full streams with waving weeds  
Where cloudy shadows stoop and pass;  
And beechen woods and silent downs;  
And far away a moist blue rim  
Of distance, closing in a world  
Of pallid colours, vague and dim.  
But here or there, I bear with me  
One scene engraven in my heart:  
The still white bed, the patient face,  
The last long look before we part.

C. FELLOWES.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

#### MR. GRANT ALLEN AND "BLUGGY FICTION."

SIR,—I have read the "Literary Causerie" in your last week's *SPEAKER* by Mr. Grant Allen, and, to speak frankly, it has made me very angry. Here is a man who in plain terms charges the whole school of living English novelists with forsaking their higher aspirations in order to pander, on account of money, to the base and brutal passion for blood and slaughter which he says possesses the English public of the present day. "We all do it," he says, complacently claiming to be of the fraternity. Well, I answer that that is an absolute untruth, and I cite as surely sufficient evidence the names of Blackmore, Hardy, Black, Besant, George Meredith, Payn, Shorthouse, Norris, Mrs. Oliphant, and Miss Broughton, not to mention many others. "We all do it!" Who are the "all"? Haggard and Grant Allen? I think Mr. Grant Allen will do well to continue amusing himself with diluted Spencerism, and leave the care of English literature to his betters. —Yours faithfully,

A NOVELIST.

#### AN APPEAL FOR SHOREDITCH.

SIR,—Last Friday night, 23rd of May, I accompanied Miss Florence Routledge to a tea-meeting, called through the kind permission of the Rev. Osborne Jay in the Parish Hall of Holy Trinity, Shoreditch. This tea, provided by the Women's Trades Union and Provident League, of which Miss Routledge is the hon. sec., had been arranged for the benefit of the match-box makers, of whom there are large numbers living in Shoreditch. They are paid 2½d. a gross, from which sum, however, must be deducted the outlay for tow, for paste, and sometimes—when damp weather prevails—for fire, at which to dry the boxes. By working ten hours a day it is possible to make about eight shillings a week. Some will say they make one pound, but on inquiry it is found that these are they who, besides working themselves, "put out" boxes to be made by others. The average earnings of the women are not twenty, but ten or twelve shillings a week, and on this wage they exist and rear pinched and white-faced children.

A large proportion of those we met could neither read nor write; some, however, were women of considerable intelligence and ability.

A meeting, such as we held last Friday, is an exciting scene.

The brilliantly lighted hall was crowded with women, nearly all carrying infants at the breast, and many bearing painful traces of their day's work—for rubbing down sand on match-boxes does not "beautify the skin." The black-robed servers of the Church, bearing on their breasts the Cross of our Lord, moved from table to table waiting on these slaves of labour, and set us free to speak of the things we had come to tell to those who, for that night, were our guests. At last the tables were cleared, and the buzz of talk was so overpowering that to obtain a hearing from the platform seemed hopeless. Seizing the back of a broken chair, we gave the three traditional blows of the French stage, and in the astonished hush, by a series of sharp questions, succeeded in arresting the attention of our audience:—"Have you all eaten your fill to-night?" A thundering "Yes" was the reply. "Do you all eat your fill every night?" An equally thundering "No" was shouted in response, and then we got to business.

Since that night, Miss Routledge and I have talked the matter over, and we both think that there is a prospect of substantial work to be done with the match-box makers of Shoreditch; we think that an old-fashioned union, with its sick benefit, will materially help both the young and the elder women; we think it will educate them, will give them interest in life, and afford them much alleviation of their present sufferings. We believe, too, that it will prepare them or their children to better profit by the brighter future we are praying, working, fighting for.

At the same time our hands are full and we want a few more workers in the cause. Especially, just now, we want one or two good ones for Shoreditch. We should welcome helpers with initiative, ready for responsibility, but we shall be deeply grateful also if some will come to us with certain specified qualifications of head and heart not, we think, so very rare in everyday life. A helper for this bit of work, we say, must have patience and must have leisure. It will mean going down to Shoreditch, at least once or twice a week, for months to come; it will mean seeking out the match-box makers in their homes, and doing this regularly for a year, or two, or it may be more. So much for the time and attention required before the desired results can even be in sight. Furthermore, the helper we desire must have punctual and orderly habits, must know how to keep accounts correctly; must, in short, understand the details of carrying on a small business, and must also have a clear head and a clear tongue with which to explain business details to the women, so that in due time they may themselves conduct their own affairs.

If such a one chances to read this appeal, we would say moreover:—You must have a true heart. You must bring love to this work, love which will enable you to forget the rags, the dirt, the possible degradation of mind and body in those amongst whom you will move, and which will show you the soul which is ready, if you will, to answer your soul. It seems absurd, perhaps, when so much brave devotion to good is about us, to offer a test of fitness of heart, but we would say to anyone moved to come to us, just this:—Do you feel that you can, without flinching, lay your arm about the shoulders of one of these soiled waifs of our civilisation and say, as a friend might, "Well, dear, and what does your man do?" If you can honestly say "Yes" to our question, and naturally begin a conversation in this wise, then be sure your heart is ripe for our work and experience, and training will do the rest. You need not fear to be left single-handed to cope with unknown difficulties; there will be those behind you on our committee ready to help you at a pinch. In God's name then, "Come over and help us!"

EMILIA F. S. DILKE.

76, Sloane Street, May 29, 1890.

#### SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL ON PEASANT PROPRIETORSHIP.

SIR,—Sir George Campbell's statement that the Irish have got peasant proprietorship is strangely at variance with the facts of agricultural tenure in Ireland, and is untrue except so far as the term proprietorship can be used ambiguously. Such ownership as exists in the tenant is comparable to that of the English copyholders in their worst days, and may be described in the words of a select committee on that tenure, which in 1839 reported that "the tenure was ill adapted to the wants of the day, and a blot on the juridical system of the country; that the peculiarities and incidents of copyholds were highly inconvenient to owners and prejudicial to the general interests of the State; that some of the most valuable properties of the soil were distributed between the lord and the copyholder so as to be of little value to either, and that the abolition of this tenure would not only be a great public benefit, but should be made, if possible, a national object."



With respect to copyholds, nothing was certain, and Lord Cranworth told the House of Lords that if they had heard that some parts of the law relating to copyholds existed in Madagascar, they would have thanked God no such barbarity existed in Ireland.

So it is with tenancy tenures in Ireland; all is uncertain; the principles for ascertainment of fair rents are unfixed and vary with each judge's opinion of what constitutes fairness.

Some tenants' improvements may be assessed with rent to the landlord, others may not; all, it is believed, pass to the landlord by lapse of time during which the tenants enjoy them, and so receive legal compensation.

Any use of the land except for purely farming purposes may invalidate the tenure. The building of too good a house might displace the land on which it was built from the category of agricultural holdings. Sir G. Campbell's peasant proprietor cannot sell a portion of his estate without formal consent of his lord, nor the whole of it without due service of legal notices, any technical omission in which may deprive him of his estate.

The inconvenience of the copyhold tenure was nothing to that of the many existing Irish tenures under which the entire country is occupied.

Parliament made the abolition of copyhold a national object, and long ago finding permissive laws insufficient, passed a compulsory enfranchisement measure. Similarly in Ireland perpetually renewable leases, found to be inconvenient, were made compulsorily convertible into fee-simples.

A judicial tenant in Ireland is owner of a term of years perpetually, renewable on uncertain principles at an uncertain rent, subject to the provisions scattered through a multitude of conflicting Acts which regulate the relations of landlord and tenant. The provisions of these Acts are as repugnant to each other as the public opinion which prevailed at the different dates of enactment; yet all are in force, and the rights and obligations of the two parties have to be investigated, and spelt out of this chaos of law, on every occasion of a tenant dealing with his tenancy, or differing with his landlord. In what sense is such a tenure proprietorship? Your obedient servant,  
May 18, 1890. AN IRISHMAN.

SIR,—Sir George Campbell is right. The notion that some system of Land Purchase will permanently remedy the agrarian troubles of Ireland seems to have been too hastily adopted by politicians of both parties. Until there is a sweeping modification of the laws relating to the ownership and use of land in the direction of nationalisation, we cannot get rid of landlordism. What advantage will it be to buy out the present race of landlords if they are to be succeeded in a very few years by others, who, in their turn, will require to be bought out? The evils from which Ireland suffers arise from the fact that the people have had practically no means of livelihood except the land. This has given rise to the land hunger, and consequent fierce competition for farms, which have enabled rack-renting landlords to exact impossible rents from their tenants. No scheme of land purchase will modify these conditions. We change the owners, but we do not increase the land. There remains the same pressure of population upon the soil, and the same evils will recur, possibly in an aggravated form. The intention of any scheme of land purchase is of course to change the present tenants into occupying owners. The actual result will be, first, the rapid transformation of such occupying owners into landlords; and, second, the creation of a landlord class as hard and grasping as the class we have got rid of. There is some proposal to place restrictions on the new owners' right to sub-divide or sub-let; but I place no reliance on such restrictions. As soon as the transaction is complete, he can sell his farm, or mortgage it, or let it, and he will do all these. In the existing condition of Ireland any such restrictions would be evaded wholesale. A wise statesmanship, instead of merely changing the *personnel* of land-owners in the hope that the new class will do better than the old, will seek to remove the opportunity to oppress, will endeavour to make it easy to do right and impossible to do wrong. Land purchase provides only a temporary, and not a permanent solution, of Irish agrarian difficulties. Why should British farmers, or Irish manufacturers and tradesmen, run the risk of taxation for the sole benefit of Irish landlords or tenants? It is unjust and it is unnecessary. The desired end can far more easily be reached by further legislation on the lines of the Land Acts of 1881 and 1887. 1. Let us get rid of that vicious principle of our law which gives to the owner of the soil all buildings erected on it, everything attached to it, and all improvements in its value even when he has not contributed one farthing to the same. 2. Let every tenant in Ireland have an absolute property in the improved value of his

holding, which he himself has imparted to it, or which he has purchased or which has been left to him. 3. Let all arrears which have accumulated in consequence of unjust rents be wiped out as in the case of the Scotch Crofters. 4. Let a fair rent for that which is the landlord's property on the holding, and that alone, be fixed for every tenant in Ireland as speedily as possible, and without any cost to the tenant himself. 5. In the meantime until arrears have been dealt with, and the tenant's interest ascertained, and a fair rent fixed, let all evictions be stopped. These measures, vigorously and honestly applied, would do far more to appease agrarian discontent than any scheme of land purchase that has yet been proposed.—I am, yours, &c.,  
E. T. WILKINSON.

York, May 20, 1890.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,  
Friday, May 30, 1890.

EVERYONE remembers—or perhaps it would be better to put it interrogatively, Does anyone remember?—the passage in vol. iii. of “*Tristram Shandy*,” where the two brothers discuss the “succession of ideas.” In Mr. Shandy's opinion, they follow “one another in our minds at certain distances, just like the images in the inside of a lantern turned round by the heat of a candle.” To which dear, simple-minded Uncle Toby replies, that his own “are more like a smoke-jack.” Between the revolving illumination of the one, and the revolving obfuscation of the other, we are most of us divided. But the particular point to be here enforced is, that although, in both cases, a sequence is implied, a connection of subject is not essential. Consequently a *causerie*, which is but a “succession of ideas,” may fairly be disconnected. *Causons donc*—adding with Candide, *et ne raisonnons pas*.

And, first, touching that phrase “the one and the other.” In the foregoing paragraph the terms are used as equivalent to the former and the latter—that former and latter which Johnson abominated. Nevertheless, there are learned persons who contend that “the one” means “the latter,” and “the other,” “the former”; and who freely cited Addison to this end, until one fine day some over-zealous admirer discovered that the impeccable Joseph was not uniform in his practice. So the debate is still undecided. Meanwhile, the ordinary way should suffice for plain people. And it may be whispered that even great writers occasionally err. “Than” is not necessarily a preposition, for instance, because, to the confusion of poor Lindley Murray, Milton once writes “than whom” (“*Paradise Lost*,” ii. 299):—

“Which when Beelzebub perceiv'd, than whom,  
Satan except, none higher sat,” &c.

Obviously, he did it for the sake of euphony, and he, too, like his critic of the *Spectator*, was not consistent.

What a gentleman, by the way, is “my uncle Toby!” It is depressing to gather, as one does from Defoe's treatise on this theme, that Captain Shandy's claim to the title in his own day must have been, at best, but doubtful. Defoe's “gentleman” is primarily and exclusively a man of landed property; his “complete gentleman,” the same person educated in accordance with his rank. “Our modern acceptance of a Gentleman, then,” he says (he was writing in 1728-9, though his MS. has only just been issued by Mr. Nutt), is “A person BORN (for there lies the Essence of Quality) of some known, or Ancient Family,” and from what he adds elsewhere it is clear that the root of the distinction consisted in inherited estates. Not a word of sentiment, of feeling, of native refinement! Conceive a classification which shuts out not only Captain Shandy of Dendermond and Namur, but Colonel Newcome and Captain Cuttle! (If anyone should doubt the claim of this last, let him forthwith “overhaul” his “*Dombey and Son*” for the chapter where Florence takes refuge from her father in the arms of the “Wooden Midshipman.”)

*A-propos* of Captain Cuttle, a contemporary has recently pointed out—not discovered, since it was already well known to collectors—that he is drawn by “Phiz” with the famous hook sometimes on his right hand (where Dickens puts it), sometimes on his left. The variation, of course, is due to the reversing of the design in printing. Hogarth frequently makes similar lapses. In the “Four Times of the Day” (Morning) there is a well-known example. Lord Orford’s, or rather Lord Archer’s, house, now the Falstaff Club, should come to the right (the spectator’s right) of the façade of St. Paul’s, Covent Garden. In the print of 1738 it appears on the left.

“Gentleman” suggests “fine Gentleman” (a different thing), and “fine gentleman,” Lord Chesterfield. Did anyone notice the French riddle in No. 166 of his Lordship’s “Letters to his Godson?”—

“Quoyque Je forme un corps, Je ne suis qu’une Idée,  
Plus ma beauté vieillit plus elle est décidée ;  
Il faut pour me trouver, ignorer d’où Je viens,  
Je tiens tout de lui, qui réduit tout à rien.”

This was unexplained in the first edition ; in the second, both author and answer have been tucked by an afterthought into the index. The answer is “Noblesse ;” and the author was Walpole’s blind friend, Madame du Deffand. She “makes new songs and epigrams, ay, admirably,” he tells Gray ; and he copies off this specimen for the benefit of his correspondent, Lady Hervey, once the “beautiful Molly Lepel” of Chesterfield’s and Pulteney’s ballad.

She must have been a wonderful old woman, Marie de Vichy-Chamrond, Marquise du Deffand. Here is an extract from one of her letters to Walpole in March, 1771, when she was seventy-five :—“I found with the King [Lewis XVI.] the two Duchesses [d’Aiguillon, mother and wife of the Minister], and MM. de Sestain and de Creutz. The King took care to have a good armchair given me, and made me change from that in which they had at first placed me in order to put me in a more comfortable one. He would have got a ‘tub’ if he could. [This refers to her *tonneau*, a peculiar covered chair in which she usually sat, and which is shown in her portrait by Carmontel.] The fat Duchess fell to singing the song I had made on my ‘tub,’ telling the King that it was my composition. . . . We supped ; after supper they spoke of the Chevalier de Boufflers. They made me sing *L’Ambassade* [by the Chevalier] ; then Madame d’Aiguillon told the King to ask me for the song of ‘The Philosophers ;’ after which she whispered him that it was by me ; and the King, she, and all the company cried out, as they do at the end of new comedies, ‘Author, author, author.’ The party broke up at midnight. I cannot tell you how kind Madame d’Aiguillon was, and all the care she took to bring me out.”

This is a verse of the *chanson* of “The Philosophers” which the blind lady sang to Lewis the Well-Beloved, sixteenth of his line :—

“On appelle aujourd’hui l’excessive licence,  
Liberté ;  
On prétend d’établir, à force d’insolence,  
L’Egalité ;  
Sans concourir au bien, prôner la bienfaisance,  
Se nomme Humanité.”

Uncharitable people, it may be added, said that she was not “the author” of some of these things. They hinted that she “kept a poet,” like Mrs. Jarley, or Mr. Feilding in “Armored of Lyonesse ;” and they pointed to La Harpe, Saint-Lambert, Marmontel. But she was surely clever enough to write her own verses, and Walpole had no doubts. As regards the “genuine and only Jarley,” has it ever been remarked that Dickens, in speaking of the poet Slum, makes passing reference to a name now separably associated with the story of his own childhood? “I’ve got a little trifle here, now,” says Slum the seductive. “It’s an acrostic—the name at this moment is *Warren* ; but the idea’s a

convertible one, and a positive inspiration for Jarley. Have the acrostic.”

To return to Madame du Deffand, or rather to Walpole. I wonder if people still collect those curious performances of Mr. Robinson and Mr. Kirgate—those typographical rarities of the “Officina Arbuteana” or Strawberry Hill Press ! I bought a couple the other day from second-hand catalogues. One was Charles Lord Whitworth’s “Account of Russia as it was in the Year 1710.” He was Ambassador Extraordinary to St. Petersburg in that year, and had the honour of smoothing down the Czar when his Bearship was very angry with Queen Anne over some paltry quarrel. The book is mainly politico-statistical, and is in parts “cruel dull, and dry” (as Swift said of the *Tatler* after he had quarrelled with Steele) ; but in Walpole’s “Introduction” there is an “original” anecdote of the Czarina, which he got from the picture-collector Sir Luke Schaub, who had it from Whitworth himself. Lord Whitworth had known Catherine I. when (as Walpole puts it) “her favours were not purchased nor rewarded at so extravagant a rate as that of a diadem.” After he had composed matters between Peter and Anne, he was invited to a ball at Court, and taken out to dance by the Czarina. “As they began the minuet, she squeezed him by the hand, and said in a whisper, ‘Have you forgot little Kate?’”

From the Czarina to the Czar. Here is a confirmation of Peter’s manners and customs as depicted by Evelyn and the Austrian Secretary of Legation. I take it from a letter in the appendix to that interesting volume, the “Diary of Mary, Countess Cowper.” The date is July, 1716, and the writer J. Clavering, Esq. He met “his Czarian Majesty,” he says, at Herrenhausen. “I had the Honour to eat at his Table several Times, which I was not very ambitious of, for he never uses Knife nor Fork, but always eats with his Fingers ; never uses a Handkerchief, but blows his Nose with his Fingers ; therefore, you may guess how agreeable it is to be in his Majesty’s Company.” The description is somewhat crude ; but so was the subject. And what says Victor Hugo?—*Quand la chose est, dites le mot.*

The “Account of Russia” is excellently printed. But the other specimen of the Strawberry types is much more important, for it is not only a first edition, but the first issue from the Press. Its title is, “Odes by Mr. Gray. *φωκῶντα συνευρίσι.* Pindar, Olymp. II. Printed at Strawberry-Hill, for R. and J. Dodsley in Pall Mall. MDCCCLVII.” “They are Greek, they are Pindaric, they are sublime !” writes Walpole to Mason, “consequently, I fear, a little obscure”—an obscurity which Gray obstinately declined to dissipate by foot-notes. It is curious to re-read them now in their first quarto form, as yet unnamed “The Progress of Poesy” and “The Bard,” but simply Ode I, Ode II., and to note how many of the lines—veritable “Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn”—have passed into the commonplaces of the language. A humbler but more momentous question to the collector is, how many copies were printed ? Walpole says, more than once, a thousand ; but Gray and Gray’s biographers say two. It is probable that Walpole was right.

Meanwhile, whether one in a thousand, or one in two thousand, the copy now before me has a special interest. It belonged but lately to the distinguished painter and poet, William Bell Scott, whose final retirement from London, to the regret of his friends, has brought about the dispersion of his library. Pasted at the beginning is his bookplate, his own design, characteristic and imaginative ; a turret-window, with moon and stars ; an antique lamp with its flame blown inward by the night-wind ; on the wall at the side the wavering exaggerated shadow of a carved female figure which forms its handle. If these words should meet his eye, he will know that one, at least, of his old favourites has fallen into reverent hands.

D.



Italian Opera has for the last two hundred years—that is to say, ever since it left its place of origin to spread over Europe—been a cosmopolitan entertainment. Handel and Arne composed Italian operas in the first half of the eighteenth century, and in the second half Gluck and Mozart. In the present century Italian opera has shown a tendency to appropriate and absorb all other kinds. The *Huguenots* and *Dinorah* of Meyerbeer are played oftener in Italian than in the original French; and outside Germany the language in which *Lohengrin* is most frequently represented is the Italian. It is, indeed, to that Italian opera which he reviled so bitterly, but which has, all the same, adopted the *Flying Dutchman*, *Tannhäuser*, and, above all, *Lohengrin*, into its repertory, that Wagner owes, in non-German countries, such popularity as his works enjoy.

If the repertory of Italian Opera has always had a cosmopolitan character, the same may be said of its singers; and the vocalists comprised in Mr. Augustus Harris's exceptionally strong company are from all parts of Europe, including even Italy. On the opening night the finest opera given to the world by a French composer—the *Faust* of Gounod—was presented with a Pole, Jean de Reszke, in the part of Faust; with a Frenchman, named Darvall, as Mephistopheles; with a Spaniard, d'Andrade, as Valentine; with a Roumanian, Madame Nuovina, as Margherita; with an Italian, Madame Scalchi, as Siebel; and with a German, Madame Bauermeister, as Martha. The manager seemed to have made a point of securing six singers of six different nationalities for the six leading parts. In the performance of *Carmen*, given on the second night, there was more unity—but not Italian unity; the three principal characters in Bizet's characteristically Spanish opera being represented by Mlle. Zélie de Lussan, who, if not Spanish, is of Spanish origin; by Valero, a Spaniard, and by d'Andrade, another Spaniard. Representations were next given of *Les Pêcheurs de Perles* and of *Lohengrin*, and it was not until Saturday that a work by an Italian composer—the *Trovatore* of Verdi—was presented.

Ever since the days of the *Spectator*, critics have been found to ask why operatic performances are presented to the English public in the Italian language; and the answer, then as now, has always been: because Italian is the natural or original language of all the best singers in Europe. An English-speaking vocalist, whether of English, American, or Australian origin, has an incomparably wider and infinitely more lucrative field of activity open to her if, instead of confining herself to English, she adopts Italian as the language of her art. This Madame Albani, a Canadian; Madame Nordica, an American from the United States; and Madame Melba, an Australian, have in fact done; and if our own English-speaking vocalists adopt for singing purposes the language of Italy we may be sure that Italian singers of high reputation, with all the Italian Opera Houses of Europe and America open to them, will not abandon their native tongue in view of a restricted career, at greatly diminished prices, in the English provinces, in America, and in Australia.

The predominance of Italian Opera is, moreover, so fully recognised by composers that every non-Italian composer who produces a successful work seeks forthwith to extend the area of its success by getting it brought out, not necessarily in Italy, but at one of the great Italian Opera Houses established in so many of the principal European capitals; whence, if its success be confirmed, it will soon make the round both of the Old and of the New World. If Verdi's *Otello* had not been composed in Italian it would have been necessary to translate it into that language in order to enable it to make its way as it has done to London, Madrid, St. Petersburg, New York, Rio de Janeiro, and Buenos Ayres.

A few years ago Mr. Mackenzie's *Colomba* was translated into Italian with a view to its production at the Royal Italian Opera; though in consequence of the departure from the company of the singers—M. Mierczewski and Madame Pauline Lucca—who had been entrusted with the two principal parts, there is no present prospect of its being brought out. The one English composer, however—Mr. Goring Thomas—who has written with success for the Carl Rosa Company (chiefly because he has dared to be himself, and has taken the liberty of not imitating Wagner), is, in the course of the season, to have his *Esmeralda* performed at the Royal Italian Opera, with M. Jean de Reszke and Madame Melba in the two leading characters, and with such a general cast as could

scarcely be secured for it at any theatre except the one so ably directed by Mr. Augustus Harris. Thus the predominance of Italian Opera throughout the world is of advantage to English as to other composers.

## REVIEWS.

### A GRAND OLD PAGAN.

PERICLES AND ASPASIA. By Walter Savage Landor. Edited by C. G. Crump, with etchings by Herbert Railton. The Temple Library. London: J. M. Dent & Co. 1890.

"I CLAIM no place in the world of letters; I am and will be alone as long as I live and after." Such was the proud boast of Walter Savage Landor, "the grand old pagan," as Carlyle called him, the ardent republican in the world of politics, the haughtiest of aristocrats in the republic of letters. In his "Pericles and Aspasia," of which we have before us a charming reprint, under the character of Hephæstion he thus describes himself:—"He is never seen in the Agora, nor in the theatre, nor in the temples, nor in any assemblage of the people, nor in any society of the learned; nor has he taken the trouble to enter into a confederacy or strike a bargain, as warier men do, with any praiser—no, not even for the loan of a pair of palms in the Keramicos." Since the days of Milton—we had almost said, since the days of Milton's Satan—there has been no prouder spirit; no one who was less dejected by disappointment and neglect; no one who with steadier confidence relied on his own merit and patiently waited the impartiality of a future generation. His "Pericles and Aspasia," which had cost him perhaps a year's hard work, fell almost dead from the press. His publishers told him that they had lost £150 by it. "I never can allow any man to be a loser by me," he wrote to a friend, "and am trying to economise to the amount of this indemnity to Saunders and Otley." He returned them the £100 which they had paid for the manuscript. He could not have hoped for popularity; he might with some reason have expected that, in a country where the classics were made the foundation of all the higher education, a book steeped in Greek thought and Greek feeling would have, at least, involved its publishers in no loss. Its reputation did "steal its way in a kind of subterranean current;" but though it has been republished in the collected editions of its author's works, no second edition has been called for till now. It has taken its place among the great works of our country, but it is on a somewhat lonely height that it is set, whither not many in each age will care to climb. Even those who read it with the greatest admiration will, if they examine themselves strictly, perhaps confess that to it and to many of Landor's writings may be applied what Johnson said of Milton's great poem, "None ever wished it longer than it is. . . . We desert our master and seek for companions." Landor is no companion; or, if he is for a happy brief space, the austerity of his style and thought too soon brings back the master. Nevertheless, the young student who, with these two volumes in his pocket, should stray along the banks of the Isis or the Cam, till he found some quiet nook where, beneath the bending willow, he might read them, mingling their music with the lapping of the water and the whispering of the wind in the leaves, might perchance start to find how much the shadows had lengthened and how low the summer's sun had sunk while he was lost in his book.

To criticise a great writer who was as severe a critic of himself as he was of others, may seem presumptuous; nevertheless, we shall venture to point out some failings which a fresh perusal of this master-piece has made still clearer to us. Wonderfully as the author has caught the Greek spirit and feeling, yet he has wilfully marred the effect by the attacks which he makes on institutions which did not exist till many ages later. From time to time we find that we are no longer with Pericles and Aspasia, but with Landor and modern Europe. We have wandered far from Athens, and are seeing under a slender disguise the French Academy, the House of Lords, Westminster Abbey, the Jesuits, the Church of England, and the modern novel. Sometimes the allusion, though evidently intended, is not inartistic, for it is not out of keeping with the subject. Of an example of this we have the following passage in letter 228, where Cleone says:—"Let others expatiate on trivial objects, ordinary characters, and uninteresting events; let them be called poets by themselves and by their householders;

but remember, O Aspasia, that you have Athenians for judges." There can scarcely be a question that Wordsworth was here satirised. Some of these allusions Landor himself indicated in a footnote; others have been correctly indicated by his latest editor. In one point, however, we feel sure that he is wrong. Aspasia, describing how in certain kingdoms "it is thought honourable and glorious for a Minister to die in debt after managing the Treasury," continues:—"But surely there is in this no proof whatever that he managed it discreetly; there is a fair presumption that, neglecting his household, he left the community in worse disorder." The editor hereupon says, "Landor may have been thinking of Fox and Sheridan." It was Pitt whom he had in mind, whose monument in Guildhall boasts that after holding the highest offices under the Crown he died poor. Lord Macaulay, in his "Memoir of Pitt" many years later, took somewhat the same view of his conduct. "Some of his admirers," he wrote, "seemed to consider the magnitude of his embarrassments as a circumstance highly honourable to him; but men of sense will probably be of a different opinion."

It was not only by the introduction of passages which were out of harmony with the spirit of the book that Landor marred his work. He attempted flights at times which were legitimate enough in themselves, but were beyond the strength of his wings. The speeches which he puts into Pericles' mouth are unworthy not only of the great orator but of the writer. The verses, moreover, which he scatters through the volume are very unequal—some of extraordinary power, others of great beauty and delicacy, but not a few involved or pointless. From one fault he is free. To apply to himself his own words, "he has shown that he is a poet by not attempting to show that he is overmuch of one." He is never stilted; he has no "strutting dignity, and never is tall by walking on tiptoe." In the scenes in which Aspasia completes the story of Agamemnon he surpasses, in our opinion, in dramatic power all the poets of his age. How exquisite, too, are verses such as the following, which, like gems, are scattered through the letters!

"War is it, O grave heads, that ye  
With stern and stately pomp decree?  
Inviting all the gods from far  
To join you in the game of war!  
Have ye then lived so many years  
To find no purer joy than tears?  
And seek ye now the highest good  
In strife, in anguish, and in blood?  
Your wisdom may be more than ours,  
But you have spent your golden hours,  
And have methinks but little right  
To make the happier fret and fight."

We never read these lines without wishing that we could have heard Mr. Bright recite them in his deep and noble voice. Had he known of them he would scarcely have let them lie unused. Landor did not, as we have said, always keep at this elevation, but of his failures in his poems we shall give no instances. We have far too little space left us for the other beauties of these wonderful volumes on which we have not as yet touched. We must pass over those two lovely creations, Aspasia and Cleone; pass them over both when they were still enjoying "youth's short-lived spring, and pleasure's summer-day," and when trouble and thought had closed their life, but not marred their grace or weakened their strength. We cannot even dwell on Pericles, nobly though he is drawn; first, in the glory of his statesmanship, surrounded with such a troop of friends as the world had never seen; and then "at the close of his day, when every light is dim, and every guest departed." We must leave unnoticed the poets, philosophers, historians, artists, commanders, and statesmen, who in stately march pass through these pages. Daring as was the attempt to introduce these famous men, the author must be acquitted of rashness, for he has been successful. If he ventured to handle the bow of Ulysses, he showed that he had strength to draw it to its full extent. It is not only in his conceptions that he reached the standard of these mighty men. He had at his command a stateliness of language which brought each of them with ample dignity upon the stage. Thus he makes Aspasia celebrate the praises of Aristides. "Aristides," she writes, "will be forefather to many brave and honest men not descended from his lineage nor his country; he will be founder of more than nations; he will give body, vitality, and activity to sound principles. Had he merely been a philosopher, he could effect little of this; commander as he was, imperial Persia served only for a mirror to reflect his features from Attica on the world." How finely in another passage does he say that "the deeds of past ages are signally reflected on the advancing clouds of the future; here insurrections, and wrecks, and conflagrations; here the ascending, there the drooping diadem; and

mighty host, the mightier man before it; and in the serener line on the horizon the emersion of cities and citadels over far-off seas." How beautifully does he say that "of the future we know nothing, of the past little, of the present less; the mirror is too close to our eyes, and our own breath dims it." He is not unworthy of some of Wordsworth's finest thoughts, when, speaking of the changes of childhood, he says:—"In every child there are many children; but coming forth year after year, each somewhat like and somewhat varying." He is usually happy when he is dealing with the young. In one letter Aspasia tells how the youthful Artemidora was perplexed by the questions put to her about a lad. "At length came the twilight of thought and showed her blushes." "The child's tears," he says in another passage, "should blind her to the parent's guilt."

We had marked many other lines for quotation, but we must refrain. We trust that we have quoted enough to induce many to whom Landor is still unknown—and their name is still Legion—to make his acquaintance in these two delightful volumes. They could not make a more favourable beginning. The editor, whose name is, we fancy, new in literature, has done his part with completeness and yet with moderation. His notes are scholarly, and not in excess. His preface is written from a full mind, and in English with which even Landor, with all his preciseness, could have found no fault. Mr. Railton has drawn one or two pretty illustrations, and there is, in addition, a curious and hitherto unpublished portrait of Landor, from a drawing by William Bewick.

#### DEFOE'S "COMPLEAT GENTLEMAN."

THE COMPLEAT ENGLISH GENTLEMAN. By Daniel Defoe. Edited by Karl D. Bülbring, M.A., Ph.D. London: David Nutt. 1890.

"IN what year was Defoe's 'Compleat Gentleman' published?" One can imagine some such inquiry being subtly put as a catch-question to some unlucky candidate. One can imagine him glancing abstractedly "from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven," like the boy in Calverley's *Gemini and Virgo*, or, perchance, if he be of a bold and adventurous complexion, making hasty exploration of his *memoria technica* for the date of Defoe's death, so as to reply, at a venture, a few years earlier. But unless he has been forewarned by some coach of preternatural sagacity, it is not likely that he could answer correctly. For Defoe's treatise is one of those extremely rare books which, albeit written long after the discovery of printing, fall upon the curious fate of being printed long after their author's death. Defoe died in 1731; he wrote his book in 1728-9; but it is only in the last few months that it has first seen the light in type over the imprint of Mr. David Nutt of the Strand. Its completion—for it is incomplete—must have been interrupted shortly before its author's death. About the authenticity of the manuscript there can be no manner of doubt. For more than a century it remained in the possession of Defoe's relations, the Bakers. In 1831 it was purchased from them by Mr. Dawson Turner of Great Yarmouth. From Mr. Dawson Turner it passed to Mr. James Crossley, whose collection was dispersed in 1885, and it was then acquired by the British Museum, where, under Number 32,555 of the Additional MSS., it is now to be found. It has been carefully transcribed for the press by Mr. Francis B. Bickley, and it is prefaced by a lengthy and learned introduction from the pen of Dr. Karl D. Bülbring, who dates from Voerde in Westphalia. Why it should be necessary to go as far as Voerde in Westphalia for an editor to an eighteenth-century manuscript is not superficially apparent; but, apart from the heresy of perpetrating such *Furnivalese* as "Forewords," Dr. Bülbring might be mistaken for an Englishman if he did not also exhibit the traditional erudition of a German.

"What is it to be a gentleman?" asks Thackeray in that final lecture on the fourth George, and we all know how he answered the question. Defoe was writing in an earlier time, and for a different purpose, and his answer is not entirely the same. It is true that, by inference, he admits that a clear head, a generous heart, a polite behaviour, and the like, are essential to the equipment of his "compleat" specimen; but the main object of his book is to sustain the proposition that the "gentlemen born," by which he intends the heir to landed property, should also be a "gentleman bred," that is to say, he should be educated in accordance with the social position he has inherited. That this was not the case in Defoe's day is amply evident, and Dr. Bülbring has enforced the fact by a number of quotations from Peacham and other sources showing that education was, and for long had been



regarded, as necessary only for portionless younger sons. We may add another to his array of illustrations, which puts the case as compactly as any. In Gay's forgotten, but Hogarthian "Birth of the Squire," he says:—

"Ah, too fond mother, think the time draws nigh,  
That calls the darling from thy tender eye;  
How shall his spirit brook the rigid rules,  
And the long tyranny of grammar schools?  
Let younger brothers o'er dull authors plod,  
Lashed into *Latin* by the tingling rod;  
No, let him never feel that smart disgrace:  
Why should he wiser prove than all his race?"

This, then, is the position which Defoe contests. His object was not so much to define a gentleman as to enforce the argument that "a liberal education is necessary to a gentleman of good birth," and that "only immense wealth, joined with a good education, can impart the attribute *gentle* to a man of low origin." In this he was but following the popular idea of his day. The contemporary gentleman was of necessity a person of property, and all he wished to inculcate was that he should also be a person of culture. But there were other writers of that time whose ideal gentleman was nearer to our modern acceptance. Dr. Bulbring quotes one passage from Steele. We may give him another, which is even more to the purpose than that which he cites: "It is to me a very great Meanness," says Mr. Bickerstaff in *Tatler* No. 69, "and something much below a Philosopher, which is what I mean by a Gentleman, to rank a Man among the Vulgar for the Condition of Life he is in, and not according to his Behaviour, his Thoughts and Sentiments, in that Condition. . . . The Circumstance of Life should not be that which gives us Place, but our Behaviour in that Circumstance is what should be our solid Distinction. . . . He who thinks no Man above him but for his Virtue, none below but for his Vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong Place, but will frequently emulate Men in Rank below him, and pity those above him." Steele here exactly anticipates the modern acceptance of the term "gentleman."

That Defoe regarded it in a narrower and more restricted sense is, at this date, to the disadvantage of a work which, unfinished though it be, has many of his most individual characteristics. It is dignified and straightforward in its style, and, notwithstanding the length of the sentences and the too-ready vocabulary of the writer, sufficiently earnest and impressive in tone. It abounds in details descriptive of the country gentry of the period; and it contains not a few of those minute and graphic particulars with which the peculiar stock-taking attributes of the author make us familiar in his better-known books. That the editor should rate it a little more highly than it, in justice, deserves, is perhaps excusable; but we may fairly endorse the carefully qualified opinion inscribed upon the MS. by a former possessor—"For an admirer of Defoe this volume is a treasure."

#### TALLEYRAND AND THE HOUSE OF ORLÉANS.

LE PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND ET LA MAISON D'ORLÉANS. Par la Comtesse de Mirabeau. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1890.

STRAY portions of Talleyrand have become frequent since the success of his letters from Vienna, and in general they have been disappointing. The new volume published by Madame de Mirabeau is made up from the papers of her uncle, M. de Bacourt, the latest confidant of the old statesman and his literary executor. Although some of the texts in his famous work on Mirabeau have been disputed, and the want of breadth and play of mind in his American letters has diminished his name, he was a man generally trusted, and he addressed himself to Talleyrand's correspondents, or their representatives, to obtain his letters. The question arises, and remains unanswered, whether this valuable collection is preserved by his family, or passed with the Memoirs into the possession of the Duke de Broglie.

The correspondence in this volume belongs to the year 1834, and passed between the Prince and the Royal Family of France. There is not much in it besides what relates to his retirement from the embassy in London, the last political office which he held. Talleyrand, like the sensible old man he was, had the bad habit of asking his friends to destroy his letters, so that his memory suffers less from indiscreet revelations than might be wished. The avowed motive of his resignation is dislike of Lord Palmerston. Whilst Lord Grey was Prime Minister he overruled his Foreign

Secretary in the thorny affair of Belgium, and established, at the price of a loss to England and a gain to France, that good understanding with the monarchy of July which Palmerston dissolved. Under Melbourne Palmerston had things his own way, and Talleyrand did not choose to resume his post. He maintained his resignation, although the Whigs were dismissed before it was accepted. He suggested that, with the aid of Wellington, a Congress should be summoned on the Spanish question, at which he might have played his last part as Moderator of Europe.

He is worth hearing when he speaks of himself. He declares that he had never been a party man, but has always devoted himself consistently to the service of the national interest; and he draws the logical inference in favour of personal government against party government. Having to make the eternal choice between a political power and a political system, he prefers the reality to the idea. He advises the King never to make himself subordinate to a party or a doctrine, to read all despatches, and to choose his Ministers among new and untried men, excluding the combined celebrities. "Il lui faut des hommes à lui, et rien qu'à lui, et à la France." Talleyrand did not believe in the new institution; and he admired Lamartine, as he said, because he looked for something better—"pour quelque chose de plus entier et de plus grand que la substitution d'un oncle à un neveu, sur un trône sans base." But he cast the whole weight of his renown and of his political wisdom, gained under Republic, Empire, and Monarchy, on the side of the King in his struggle against the parliamentary theory.

Nevertheless, Louis Philippe had no difficulty in parting with the most expert and experienced of negotiators. He admits with effusion the validity of the reasons against remaining in England, and proposes Vienna. Talleyrand replies, with historic dignity, that he had been at Vienna within living memory, and had been known there, not obscurely, as the man of the Restoration, the professor of Legitimacy. There was no denying the incongruity. The King took up the European Congress for a moment, and soon let it drop. It is apparent that certain words which the Duke of Orléans spoke, as Talleyrand's guest, and for which he decently apologised, helped to make the resignation irrevocable.

In his "Révolution," M. Taine, whose merit lies more in accumulation than in novelty, relates on the authority of one who had it from Louis Philippe himself, the conversation in which Danton confessed that he was the author of the massacres of September. Mme. de Mirabeau gives her uncle's notes of an interview in which the King told him the same story, with certain variations. As M. Taine's information is anonymous, verbal, and later by thirty years, whereas the report now published was written down at the time by a man who was nothing if not painstaking and accurate, there is reason, in spite of obvious inaccuracies, to prefer the account of Bacourt. Apart from this important fragment, the volume is not well put together, for the editor does not know proper names, and calls Canning "M. Catting," and Sir Robert Peel "M. Vill."

#### MORAL ORDER AND PROGRESS.

MORAL ORDER AND PROGRESS. By S. Alexander, Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. London: Trübner & Co.

MR. ALEXANDER has aimed at giving a complete account of the elements contained in any moral ideal, and of the process by which moral ideals are formed and changed. For his method—that of analysing one by one the conceptions that commonly enter into moral thought—he claims that it will place in their true light the theories which are formed by emphasising one or another salient point in moral experience. He has certainly succeeded in putting out of the way most of those difficulties in ethics, which arise from the loose use of words, or neglect to piece together the many things that are severally clear; and few books are more valuable for their just appreciation of diverse points of view. Among the excellent passages in the book may be mentioned the discussion of pessimism, and that which shows how all departments of human activity (art and science, for instance) fall within the sphere of social morality. There is some valuable psychology in the discussion on pleasure, in which, while he finds hedonism rests on a mistaken assumption that pleasure is "some one kind of thing everywhere, differing only in quantity," the writer makes a just criticism upon Green's polemic against it. Perhaps the discussion of this subject would gain in clearness

by a recognition of the two senses of pleasure, which sometimes means that which we choose, sometimes a state of feeling which is no more necessarily present when we do what we should choose than anger is when we inflict punishment.

Mr. Alexander's account of the end by reference to which action is to be judged recalls that of Plato's Republic. A man's conduct is good for him individually when it is so adjusted that "every faculty is exercised compatibly with the rest;" it is good for society when a similar equilibrium is preserved between the claims of different parts of society; the needs of each man's nature so depend on the society of which he is a part that the social good and the individual good coincide. Mr. Alexander shows how we are brought to this by the recognition to which all serious thought has been led, that the desire to fulfil one's function in the social whole is a part of man's nature, on the satisfaction of which his welfare depends. In showing the relation of his ideal to the principal conceptions which enter into notions of the moral end, Mr. Alexander criticises other formulæ used to express that end. "Perfection," "self-realisation" (a phrase of which we think he ignores the point), "vitality" in the sense of a vitality of the whole man in which physical health is only a part, "the greatest pleasure of the greatest number," are set aside as expressing characteristics of the end aimed at in morality, but incomplete and included in his own phrase, "the equilibrium of conduct." Surely any such formula is incomplete without a good deal of explanation; several are equally adequate, usefully supplementing one another by an appeal to different sentiments; and some, while no less adequate, are more forcible than Mr. Alexander's. The last part of the book traces, helped by the analogy of the biological law of survival, the process by which some form of morality comes to be accepted as the right ideal of life, and by which the moral ideal changes, and in spite of all loss necessarily progresses as the performance of duties once recognised calls into activity new sentiments for the satisfaction of which the morality of the future must provide.

The argument of the book throughout is apt to become needlessly intricate, and the writer often fails to mark strongly the chief points to be observed. There is some perverse or careless expression: e.g., "Sin is closely bound up with progress." We think also that Mr. Alexander's illustrations from physical science and mathematics are often unnecessary, and merely give the reader two things to understand instead of one. A good deal of the book is mere examination of words, which, in clearing up confusions that impede discussion, neglects doubts that bewilder practice. Thus in speaking of self-sacrifice it solves the verbal puzzle arising from the diverse senses of self-interest, but it never touches the belief, which is a vital part of the most powerful moral teaching, that moral success is only to be had at a price which few are content to pay.

But the book is weak at points which are essential to its argument. Mr. Alexander speaks of exceptional cases in which, from their strength or their indifference to others, men's interest does not lie in morality. He has been using interest in the sense of man's completest welfare. We are left in doubt whether the man callous to social pressure has an interest in morality. Again, with regard to those who do not get the pleasure out of right action which a healthy nature gets, we are left in the same doubt. Such cases are left on one side as abnormal, yet probably every man is placed in each of these cases with regard to many of his duties. We are left in doubt whether the moral order is a supreme law to every man, or merely the course which as a general rule the normal man will find it on all grounds most comfortable to follow. We know what Mr. Alexander means; morality has these two aspects; but the discussion is incomplete in not clearly distinguishing the two, and sometimes his language savours of that half-hearted moralising which gives exaggerated emphasis to the latter aspect of it. Thus in his just insistence that in judging of men morally we must take account of their natural advantages, he seems to suggest that a man may content himself with the performance of so much duty as comes pretty easily with no violent strain to his nerves. The weakness is more marked where the writer treats of progress. In insisting that a moral judgment no longer true may have been true in its day, and that a reformer must count the cost of disturbing the accepted moral order, he seems to undervalue independence in the attempt to live out one's own highest ideas, and to imply that an attempt to advance on current morality is wrong unless it secures the approval of society. Perhaps Mr. Alexander is entangled in his own metaphor, according to which morality is the ideal of life which survives in the struggle for existence. And when he says, "If you wish to know whether conduct is wrong, find out whether blame attaches to it," a sentence liable to be understood as an expression of simple immorality, we

think that he is confused by failure to distinguish when he means by morality that which for the time being has got itself accepted as such, and when he means that which is seen as such by the most completely moralised man.

### DRUMMOND'S "NYASSA LAND."

NYASSA LAND: TRAVEL SKETCHES IN OUR NEW PROTECTORATE: selected from "Tropical Africa." By Henry Drummond, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1890.

APART altogether from the temporary interest which our recent dispute with Portugal has given to the countries on the Middle Zambesi and Shiré rivers, these Travel Sketches of Mr. Henry Drummond's deserve to be widely read. They are selections from his larger book of travel in the same regions, entitled "Tropical Africa;" and though in point of bulk they are but a small shilling's-worth, scarcely longer than a twenty-page article in the *Contemporary Review*, and not one-fourth of the bulk of the *Century Magazine*, which sells, with all its woodcuts, for a shilling, they are, in point of quality, worth many an octavo volume of travels. Everything is put freshly, brightly, clearly; and the topics selected are just those on which the intelligent but hasty reader most desires to be informed. The first chapter sketches Zanzibar and the water-route into the interior, from Quilimane up the Qua Qua, the Zambesi, and the Shiré, to Lake Nyassa. The second describes the Nyassa region, the scene of the operations of the Scotch missionaries, and of the African Lakes Company, and the scene unhappily also of some of the most hideous massacres and kidnappings perpetrated by the Arab slave-catchers. It is a comparatively high region, with a climate far less oppressive than that of the sweltering coast at Zanzibar or Quilimane; but it is scourged by malarial fevers, which play in the natural economy of Africa the same satanic part that slave-catching does in the social economy.

"Malarial fever is the one sad certainty which every African traveller must face. For months he may escape, but its finger is on him, and well for him if he has a friend near when it finally overtakes him. It is preceded for weeks, or even for a month or two, by unaccountable irritability, depression, and uneasiness. At last the crash comes—first cold and pain, then heat and pain, then every kind of pain and every degree of heat, then delirium, then the life-and-death struggle. He rises, if he does rise, a shadow, and slowly accumulates strength for the next attack, which he knows too well will not disappoint him. No one has ever yet got to the bottom of African fever. Its geographical distribution is still unmapped, but generally it prevails over the whole east and west coasts within the tropical limit, along all the river-courses, on the shores of the inland lakes, and in all low-lying and marshy districts. The higher plateaux, presumably, are comparatively free from it; but in order to reach these, malarious districts of greater or smaller area have to be traversed. There the system becomes saturated with fever, which often develops long after the infected region is left behind. The known facts with regard to African fever are these:—First, it is connected in some way with drying-up water and decaying vegetation—though how the germs develop, or what they are, is unknown; second, natives suffer from fever equally with Europeans, and this more particularly in changing from district to district, or from altitude to altitude; third, quinine is the great and almost the sole remedy; and, fourth, no European ever escapes it. The malaria spares no man; the strong fall as well as the weak; no number of precautions can provide against it; no kind of cure can do more than make the attacks less frequent; no prediction can be made beforehand as to which regions are haunted by it, and which are safe. It is not the least ghastly feature of this invisible plague that the only known scientific test for it at present is a human life."

This unhealthiness is the terrible, and so far as can be now seen, the insurmountable obstacle to European colonisation—not only along the coast, but even in the lake region of Central Africa. And the fact gives a special importance to two districts. The one is the lofty tract on the slopes of Kilimanjaro and Kenia—a tract where the rival pretensions of Germany and England have not yet been fully adjusted. The other is the comparatively dry region further to the south, which is included in the new British Protectorate, between Bechuanaland and the Upper Zambesi. This district can be reached from Cape Colony through a healthy country, and is itself described as healthy. Its possession is, therefore, more valuable than that of tracts which are far more fertile, but in which European life is exposed to far greater risks.

Mr. Drummond's third chapter gives a vivid picture of th



people of South Central Africa and the condition of their lives. They are not negroes: their skin is a "deep full-toned brown, something like the colour of a good cigar. The whole surface is diced with a delicate pattern, which gives it great richness and beauty; and I have often thought how effective a row of books would be bound in native morocco." They are so ill-armed as to be unable to resist, much less to capture, wild beasts, except by pitfalls; and they therefore live almost wholly on a vegetable diet, chiefly on millet. Their sole occupation is to cultivate it, an operation which takes only a few weeks in each year, and the rest of the time is spent in sleeping and talking, with an occasional dance. A man has no property beyond a few utensils. "I once saw an African buried. According to the customs of his tribe, his entire earthly possessions—and he was an average commoner—were buried with him. Into the grave, after the body, was lowered the dead man's pipe, then a rough knife, then a mud bowl, and last his bow and arrows—the bowstring cut through the middle, a touching symbol that its work was done. This was all. Four items, as an auctioneer would say, were the whole belongings for half a century of this human being. The African is often blamed for being lazy, but it is a misuse of words. He does not need to work; with so bountiful a Nature round him, it would be gratuitous to work. The fact is, Africa is a nation of the unemployed." This is the great difficulty in the way of creating trade. The natives have no wants, beyond calico and beads, which civilisation can satisfy. What are European goods to them? Moreover, they have nothing to give in exchange, except ivory; and the supply of ivory will soon be at an end, because, under the influence of high prices and a vast demand, the elephants will soon be killed out—perhaps within twenty years. There are, of course, some wild products, such as india-rubber, which may become articles of commerce; and the soil and climate seem adapted for the growth of coffee, which the Lakes Company have been trying at Blantyre, in Nyassa Land. But in the present state of the natives, and in the total absence of means of land transit, all such hopes of trade belong to a still distant future. Meanwhile the disappearance of the ivory will, says Mr. Drummond, be a blessing. For the ivory has to be carried to the coast by men, and the only way of obtaining men is to kidnap them. Ivory is the main cause of the Arab slave-catching and slave-trading. To the slave raids and slave caravans the fourth chapter is devoted: and the hideous atrocities daily perpetrated by the Mohammedan ruffians who desolate East and East Central Africa are set forth with a terribly impressive brevity. Mr. Drummond's conclusion is that the European nations must stop the raiding, and establish some kind of security. It is not, he argues, as if we could leave Africa alone. The slave raiders won't leave it alone, and European abstention only means impunity for their barbarities. Then the question comes, How can the rival claims of European Powers—and especially of Portugal, Germany, and Britain—be adjusted? Mr. Drummond hardly touches the political side of the matter, beyond indicating, as is natural, his belief that Britain alone can do the needed work. But his picture of the natural and social condition of the part of East Africa which he visited is so clearly and vigorously drawn as to be a useful preparation for any political study of the question.

### THREE NOVELS.

1. A WOMAN OF THE WORLD. By F. Mabel Robinson. Three vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1890.
2. RUBY. By Amye Reade. London: Trischler & Co. 1890.
3. FRANCES KANE'S FORTUNE. By L. T. Meade. London and New York: Frederick Warne & Co. 1890.

IN the first chapter of "A Woman of the World" one finds little reason to feel sanguine about the rest of the book. There is a stereotyped meeting between the hero—or, rather, one of the heroes—and the heroine. The description of the garden and the morning is laboured and prolix; but if the description of the persons is equally careful of detail, it is more amusing, and possibly more amusing than it was intended to be. We pass over the five or six lines which linger lovingly on the hero's hair; but the description of the heroine's neck requires the full justice of quotation:—

"Miss Canning's was the prettiest of necks, the most graceful, the softest, and the warmest; the skin there was dusker than elsewhere, and the apricot tones were still childlike in their downy softness."

Yet if one can only read on after this, one will find that this

young person with the child-like apricot tone, the more than normal temperature, and that suspicious duskiness—all in the back of the neck—was nevertheless quite human, and that her story is the subject of a fair average novel, one which is for the most part well told and sufficiently interesting. There are occasional lapses, but there are also occasional brilliancies. Some of the lesser incidents of the book are remarkably vivid and real. Scraps of conversation here and there will strike the reader at once as being absolutely natural and yet quite unconventional. The author has brought to the writing of this book some qualities which we have found wanting and wanted in better novelists, and it might have ranked far above the average had the strength of the writer been equal to the stress of the third volume.

Miss Eugenia Canning was not a woman of the world all at once—religion claimed her, then art interested her, and finally her mother persuaded her. She fell utterly in love with an impetuous artist; but that was not to be. She fell half in love with a young doctor, a man of splendid character, and a striking contrast to the other males in this story, who are mostly despicable; but that was not to be either. She was not at all in love with a wicked, worldly baronet, and the student of fiction may conjecture the result. In the meantime, the young doctor had saved the honour of a girl who had been deceived by a promise of marriage; he married her and loved her. Her death was followed by his own. It is here that the author breaks down. The strain in the third volume is too continuous. There are occasionally passages of real pathos; but more frequently the description of the doctor's illness is prolix and wearisome, and sometimes it is absolutely nauseous. And the conclusion of the book is lame and unsatisfactory.

It is in the delineation of women that the author shows most power. The sketch of Mrs. Ambient is admirable, and a still higher skill is shown in the exquisite and faithful portrayal of the young doctor's mother, Mrs. Harrington, a character that not many novelists of to-day could have drawn well. This novel is at least up to the average of modern fiction, and it promises better things.

"Ruby" has a second title, "How Girls are Trained for a Circus Life." There is no reason why the book should not have had fifty titles; and if it had been all title, it could not have been any duller than it is. But it is perhaps as well to point out that the greater portion of the book has absolutely nothing to do with the training for circus life, because it seems to be trying for notoriety on the plea that it is a revelation. There is hardly one fact revealed which was not previously well known. The book is not conventional; the vulgarity is too appalling, the taste is too degraded for it ever to rise as high as conventionality. It will do no harm; the impressionable boy or the sentimental housemaid, whom alone such a story could influence, will be fast asleep long before they are contaminated by its revelations. Such a book is an insult to the intelligence of the public. A novel should be a mental tonic; this is something between an emetic and an opiate. It is hardly worth while to waste more words over a work in which we fail to find one redeeming point. If it was written with the good motive of which its author appears very conscious, we can only say that she was ill-advised. She has not done more by four hundred pages of literary incompetence, "founded on fact," than could have been effected by a bare recital of the facts themselves in a daily paper. She has probably done less; she has certainly taken longer to do it. We do not know, of course, whether the suggestiveness of the second title, or the sandwich-boards that have perambulated Fleet Street, will succeed in selling this book; but no success should tempt the authoress to write another.

After the crude vulgarities of "Ruby" one turns with relief to such a simple and charming book as "Frances Kane's Fortune." The story is full of grace and delicacy. It is possible that the author shows a commendable modesty in her choice of a subject. The plot is not intricate. The incidents are not tragic. There is nothing in it to try the strength of genius. It is short enough to read in an afternoon, and it is just the sort of book to read on a hot summer afternoon, when one is reasonably lazy, and requires to be kept awake by a story of gentle and persistent interest, but does not want to have one's heart-strings torn asunder or to feel consciously edified and improved. In the sketch of Squire Kane there are many touches of bright and winning humour; the love and self-denial of Frances Kane are a pathetic contrast to the selfishness of her father, the squire; and "Fluff," the impulsive little girl who puts everything right at last between Frances, her father, and her lover, is a most delightful person. The book has the weakness which is inseparable from mere prettiness; there is nothing particularly original in it from first to last; but it is a pleasant little story without any ambition to be anything else.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.\*

A GOOD case for the preservation of "Dove Cottage," Grasmere, Wordsworth's home from 1800 to 1808, is made out by Mr. Stopford Brooke in a gracefully-written little book which successfully conjures up the life of "grave simplicity and love of letters" of which that lowly dwelling was once the scene. The place is not greatly changed since 1807, when De Quincey first stepped across its threshold, and thus described the principal room—"an oblong square, not above eight and a half feet high, sixteen feet long, and twelve broad, very prettily wainscoted from the floor to the ceiling with dark polished oak, slightly embellished with carving." Upstairs is the little drawing-room with the recess by the fire which held the poet's modest library of favourite books. Underneath this recess yet remains the "nice elbow-place where William might sit for the picture of John Bunyan," as Dorothy Wordsworth wrote in her journal. The whole place recalls Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and De Quincey, and Mr. Brooke and his friends only want a thousand pounds to purchase the freehold of the house, garden, and a neighbouring field, in order to secure the novel and classic spot in trust for the "pleasure and good of the English race." Surely the eloquent and timely appeal made in these pages will not pass unheeded.

A vigorous political pamphlet has just reached us dealing with "Ireland's Case for Home Rule" from the point of view of an "English Convert." It is a closely-reasoned and temperately-expressed statement of the question, and it lays stress on the need of representative government in Ireland, and seeks by an appeal to history, experience, and common sense to dispose of the arguments which are commonly urged against Home Rule. It is contended, with no more than simple justice, that when representation is really thorough, laws are not likely to be made or administered exclusively in the interests of a class. On the other hand, when the rank and file of a people know that they can get their wishes carried out by legislation, they are not likely to resort to unconstitutional means. At present laws are made for Ireland by politicians who for the most part are not responsible to the Irish people; and practically, so far as Ireland is concerned, there is no control over the Executive. In short, Ireland proposes, but England disposes; and out of this circumstance spring illegal combination, rioting, crime, and every sort of defiance at law. The Unionists are fond of asserting that there would be no agitation when the land question is settled, and that the agitation for Home Rule is hollow-hearted and spurious. Those who talk in this fashion are strangely short-sighted, for there are other grievances in the country which imperatively demand redress. It is only necessary here, perhaps, to mention three subjects which come prominently under this category. The question of education is a burning one, and touches every phase of Irish society. The Dublin Castle system of government, and the cost which it entails, call for thorough investigation. The evils of centralisation are nowhere more clearly evident than in Ireland, and, moreover, the "administrators of government are out of sympathy with the Government, and change with English parties, while English feeling remains constant." Lastly, the existence of an armed constabulary constitutes an undeniable hardship as well as indignity. The outlay on the constabulary has increased enormously in recent years. The cost in 1859-60 was about 2s. 4d. per head of the population, but in 1887 it was almost 7s. per head. In fact, if the police of England cost as much in proportion as those of Ireland, England would have to pay £8,000,000 instead of £3,500,000; and yet, when the population is taken into account, there is much less crime in Ireland than in England. The dangers of Home Rule are by no means ignored, but at the same time it is shown very conclusively that for the most part they have been greatly exaggerated. A well-written and in its way a powerful exposition of the burning question of the day.

We are glad to find that the "Notes on American Schools and Training Colleges," which Dr. Fitch appended to his annual official report presented last year to the Educational Department, has been reprinted by permission in a volume of one hundred and thirty pages. The book is the outcome of a visit made in 1888 to some of the leading schools and colleges in America, and Dr. Fitch—one of Her Majesty's chief inspectors of training colleges—has done well to bring explicit information of this kind under the notice of school managers, masters, and mistresses, and others who are concerned in the training of elementary teachers in England. Dr. Fitch says, with truth, that little or no analogy can be drawn between the educational systems of a young community unhampered by traditions and those of a country like England, where the educational methods which prevail are the result of compromise and historical development. The period in America of elementary education is from six to fourteen. The schools are divided into primary departments, which receive children from six to ten; and the grammar departments, in which the pupils range from ten to fourteen. In the larger schools there are often twelve or fourteen grades, some of which represent half-yearly courses of instruction; whilst in most of the schools there are, between the ages of six and fourteen, eight yearly courses or periods. Classification by

age is more common than in our schools. Dr. Fitch gives a summary of the official requirements for these grades, taken from several local regulations; and he states that the facts he records may be accepted as fairly typical. "An English boy who goes with credit up to fourteen is said to have passed the Seventh Standard." "An American boy who reached the same point would be said to have 'graduated' in the Grammar School." Throughout the American Union, notwithstanding the fact that each State has its own educational authority, the practical working of the system is left to local committees. In some instances these committees or school boards are nominated by the Governor of the State, in others by the Mayor of the city, or by the judges. In other cases, there is direct popular election. All the local committees, however constituted, are more or less the product of political influences, and lack, in consequence, the element of stability. Frequent lamentations were heard by Dr. Fitch over the incompetence of many of the members of such committees, and over the manner in which patronage is abused in the appointments of teachers. The high schools of America are unlike any institutions of the kind in England; they are, in fact, continuation schools, and stand in close organic relationship to the primary or grammar schools. The end of the grammar school curriculum coincides with the beginning of that of the high school, and except for the fact that the children of the poor are, as a rule, withdrawn earlier, both are attended by all classes; and in this way a good deal of the waste of power in England, owing to the separation of children of different social ranks into distinct schools during the period of purely elementary education, is avoided. The normal or training colleges are very unequally distributed about the country, and there is no general standard of qualification for teachers recognised in the States; but the one great safeguard of education in America is the keen interest manifested in the subject by the entire community.

The "Pictures of 1890"—or, at all events, the more famous of them—are reproduced with more or less success in the latest *Pall Mall Gazette* "Extra." The chief attractions of the year at the Royal Academy, the New Gallery, the Grosvenor Gallery, and some half-dozen smaller collections, are duly represented. A useful "index to artists" is also given, but the pictures are left to tell their own tale; no critical or explanatory notes have been added. There are, of course, a few really striking and even splendid pictures at present on exhibition in London in the various galleries; but, on the whole, the show of the year is not a remarkable one, and many of the illustrations given in these pages only serve to bring out more clearly the fact that tame and conventional prettiness is all too much in evidence.

When the hundredth anniversary of the "Blue Ribbon of the Turf," as Lord Beaconsfield termed the Derby, came round, ten years ago, Mr. Louis Curzon tells us, in the preface of the gossiping book which he has just written, that he felt disappointed that no historian of the race had arisen. At length, like a sensible man, he determined to supply, to the best of his ability, a chronicle of the famous race, from the victory of Diomed to that of Donovan. The process of compiling the book has been, he assures us, from beginning to end, a labour of love; and he appears to have left no stone unturned in his search for descriptions of the race, and particulars concerning owners, jockeys, and book-makers who have figured prominently, at one time or another, in connection with it. Old newspapers have been consulted, and sporting records of many kinds—calendars, note-books, magazines, and memoirs—have been freely placed under requisition. The first half of the book is far and away the more interesting and amusing, for naturally, as Mr. Curzon approaches recent times, a degree of caution and restraint make themselves felt in his "Derbyana." The volume, however, is fairly well written, and many of the passages in it are racy in two senses of the word.

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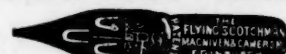
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# THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1890.

## NOTES OF THE DAY.

MR. MONRO's letter to the promoters of the Anti-Compensation demonstration of to-day is a document which demands the serious attention of everyone interested in the preservation of the individual liberties of Englishmen. The whole object of the letter is to do what is possible to restrict and belittle the demonstration. Care for the order of the streets is the alleged reason; but when MR. MONRO has put an end to the orgies of blackguardism which reigns unchecked from the Mansion House to Charing Cross every 9th of November, we shall accept as satisfactory the pretext upon which he bases his present letter—and not until then. What is most noticeable about this attempt to put down the right of the people of London to show, in time-honoured fashion, by means of orderly processions through the streets, what they think upon certain great public questions, is the manner in which it has been received by the Press. The *Times* applauds it as a "rescript" which was greatly needed, and every enemy of popular rights echoes this silly talk. We were not aware that the people of London were at the mercy either of a prefect's "rescript" or an Emperor's "ukase." Apparently the *Times* knows better; but if it indeed be the case, the sooner the people of London bestir themselves, and assert their right to self-government within their own city, the better. Freedom for London, as well as freedom for Ireland, must be a test-word at the General Election.

So much is said of obstruction in the House of Commons without any comprehension of the facts, that it may be well to state what happened in the fairly typical case of Monday night, when the evening was spent on Colonial Estimates without a single vote being passed. MR. PICTON early in the evening called attention to a disgraceful piece of cruelty and injustice perpetrated by a British officer in West Africa. BARON H. DE WORMS' reply was so unsatisfactory—one might almost say impertinent—as to provoke a storm of protests and comments, which, in spite of MR. GOSCHEN's attempt to apologise for his subordinate's want of tact, carried the debate on this one point on till eight o'clock. Things having thus got into a wrong groove, there was some rather aimless discussion and some waste of time up till ten o'clock, when the discussion became practical; but there was no opportunity till half-past eleven of beginning the debate on the very large and serious questions of the South African Company, of Bechuanaland and of Swaziland. Accordingly, these had to be adjourned. The Government complained; but a large part of the fault rested with their Colonial Under-Secretary. If Governments put incapable men into important places, Governments must expect to suffer. If some time was ill-spent afterwards, though questions of real consequence were not reached, this is because the rules of the House provide no means of dealing with such a case. A debate cannot be closed when such questions remain; there ought, therefore, to be some means of getting promptly at them.

THE annual debate in the House of Commons on the adjournment for the Derby Day was as farcical as usual, but in

one respect encouraging. The majority is the smallest known in favour of adjourning. Very few members care to go, and if the rest want a holiday, they would do much better to add a day to their Whitsun vacation rather than take this out of the working time. Although no party leader on either side spoke, the question has very nearly become a party one, five-sixths of the Tories voting one way, five-sixths of the Liberals the other.

THE Government announced on Thursday evening that, instead of going steadily on with the Tithes Bill as had been expected, they would interpose the Irish Land Purchase Bill, and go on with it till the Committee had been entered on. This strange course, which speaks of wavering and undecided counsels, was taken by the House to mean that the compensation-to-liquor-sellers proposals are to be dropped, and was naturally welcomed with great heartiness. If the Government will believe an opponent, we can assure them that it is by far the best course they could follow, for the discredit of dropping this foolish scheme now is far less than the danger to their own prospects of pushing it through. They will have done at least as much as is humanly possible if they push through the Tithes as well as the Land Purchase Bill.

It must not, however, be assumed that the House was right on Thursday in its conclusion that MR. GOSCHEN had been beaten in the Cabinet, and that, after all, the Compensation Bill had been dropped. Ministers themselves, we believe, cling to the notion that they will be able to make progress by taking their Bills alternately—the Tithes Bill, the Land Bill, and the Publicans' Bill coming on in succession. Nothing, of course, could be more ridiculous than such a scheme as this. If any serious attempt were made to carry it out, it would simply wreck the whole Ministerial programme. Still remembering the strength and the stubbornness of MR. GOSCHEN, it would be wrong to calculate too confidently upon the surrender of Ministers to common sense and public opinion.

A CORRESPONDENCE has been published between the solicitors of LORD SALISBURY and those of MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN on the subject of the payment of LORD SALISBURY's taxed costs in the action for libel which was brought against the Prime Minister by MR. O'BRIEN. Inasmuch as MR. O'BRIEN has given notice of his intention to appeal to the House of Lords, the question is still *sub judice*; and we think that LORD SALISBURY might very well have left the matter alone for the present. If he should succeed in the House of Lords as he has succeeded in two other courts, then MR. O'BRIEN will have to pay, and our advice to him will be to pay quickly. But none the less will MR. O'BRIEN be in the position of a man who has been grossly ill-used. The charge which LORD SALISBURY seemed to bring against him was entirely without foundation, and if there had been a spark of chivalry in the breast of the Prime Minister, instead of resorting to "a special-pleader's defence" in order to escape the consequences of his own wrong-doing, he would have withdrawn his offensive language and apologised for his unfounded

imputations. Unfortunately, no thought of chivalry seems to enter into the minds of the ruling powers in England at this moment where any Irishman is concerned. So LORD SALISBURY, having succeeded in beating MR. O'BRIEN by means of a legal technicality, will now in all probability forget the real merits of the case, and insist upon wringing his costs out of his opponent. The transaction will hardly be to the benefit of LORD SALISBURY—so far as the judgment of honourable men is concerned.

"AN OFFICIAL," in a letter to the *Times*, has called attention to a very real grievance—the manner in which persons who have business at the House of Commons, but who do not happen to be members of Parliament, are treated. Nothing can well be worse than the arrangements at present in force. They are so bad that a man who has any self-respect hardly cares to expose himself to the risk of insults and petty displays of official tyranny on the part of the policemen and other officers of the House. We can, of course, understand the necessity for keeping bores and mendicants as far from members of Parliament as possible; but the worst of the present system is that no attempt is made to discriminate between the merest "loafer" who hangs about the House out of curiosity or for the purpose of pestering members, and gentlemen who are there on important public business, and who, in any other place, would be just as certain of receiving civil treatment as any member of Parliament. We do not know whether the fault rests with the Speaker or the Sergeant-at-Arms; but whatever doubt there may be upon this point, there can be none as to the want of common intelligence, to say nothing of common courtesy, displayed by those who are responsible for the rules regulating the admission of "strangers" to the House of Commons and its precincts.

A. H. K. B., D.D., LL.D., in adding to his alphabet last week the letters which tell of Moderatorship of the General Assembly, no doubt attained his sublime—but at one point he risked the ridiculous. It was too condescending to say to the assembled fathers and brethren, "*Et in Arcadia ego: I was once a country parson.*" Visions of Corydon and Thyrsis, each with his minikin horn, and each with a Geneva ribbon bound upon his Caledonian crook, hovered before six hundred sarcastic eyes. Besides, the suggestion was inevitable that these Arcadians, if not always, at least sometimes, and

"When they list, their lean and flashy songs  
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw."

And the good A. H. K. B. has occasionally thinned out his strain to an exasperating tenuity. On Monday, however, he did exceedingly well, and the idyllic grace of part of his address was marked rather than marred by an habitual self-consciousness. No doubt, as the gentle shepherd went on, some minds travelled to the graver questions of theology and of political justice with which Scotchmen around were burdened; and some too-quick ears caught the revolution of a "two-handled engine at the door" of LORD TWEEDDALE'S sheepfold.

IF DR. BOYD, as Chief Pastor, remembered nothing else in Milton, he at least did not forget "what the grim wolf with privy paw daily devours apace, and nothing said." He has always been supposed in Scotland to have a strong leaning to the Episcopal side of things; but on this occasion he spoke out strongly, and his words reveal how much and often the local relations between the Established and Episcopal Churches of Scotland have recently been strained. He will have nothing to do with those who proselytise because they look on Presbyterians as "merely sprinkled in the schism." And from the chair of his church he declared to his neigh-

bour, BISHOP WORDSWORTH: "Not for one moment would I confer upon union with any man, save on the basis of absolute equality." He forgot a little that this is exactly the formula used by the Presbyterians around him with regard to his own body as the one preferred, and that the masses in Scotland applaud the formula—provided it is used fairly and all round.

AFTER a long debate and a number of alternative proposals mostly differing from one another only in detail, the London County Council decided on Tuesday to maintain most but not all of the small open spaces scattered about London, and hitherto kept up by the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association. The sum required is not large, £900 a year, and is only granted until the end of October, 1892. An amendment, moved by PROFESSOR STUART, that it was inexpedient to maintain them, was defeated by a narrow majority, as was also one postponing the question till the opinion of the vestries has been ascertained. The progressist vestries have perhaps hardly had time yet to feel their feet. And though it may be true that any extra expenditure on the part of the Council will raise the rates and produce a damaging reaction, it would be a great pity to close these spaces until the District Councils are created and ready to take them for so small a sum as that required.

THE imprisonment of the DUC D'ORLÉANS came to an end on Wednesday, his pardon having been signed by M. CARNOT on the previous evening. Everybody will be glad of the release of the French "young Pretender." Even Republicans can hardly feel any personal animosity towards a youth whose political opinions and aspirations have been determined for him by his birth. Believing fully, as we do, in the future of the French Republic, we cannot pretend to regard Royalist intrigues with favour or satisfaction; but at all events it is something to know that, if at any time the Republic should fall through the errors of the Republicans, France will have not a discreditable alternative to resort to in case it should be necessary to revert to another form of Government. The collapse of Boulangism has at least strengthened the position of the ex-Royal Family.

THE PANITZA trial in Bulgaria is over at last, but, as an appeal is threatened, it may be re-opened within a few weeks. No one expects that the sentence of death passed against the chief culprit will be carried into effect; and no punishment can be inflicted on those Russian sympathisers, including some Russian officials, whose co-operation stimulates such conspiracies. The result has not been, so far, to strengthen either PRINCE FERDINAND or his strong-willed Minister, and it is not improbable that other troubles for the much-tried Principality may spring out of this.

NOR many years ago Switzerland possessed only one fortification—that defending the St. Luziensteig, a road into Austria, on the extreme east of the Grisons. Now, however, according to a writer in the *Journal de Bruxelles*, quoted in the *Times* of Tuesday, a fort of the most modern construction at Airolo—overlooking the southern entrance of the St. Gothard Tunnel—is completed and has received its guns; while similar forts are to be constructed at Andermatt, and on the Oberalp and Furca roads. To the non-military mind the latter at least seems a work of supererogation. But if Switzerland thinks it necessary to take such precautions along a route by nature exceptionally defensible, primarily to prevent violations of neutrality, what ought we to do to guard the approaches to a Channel Tunnel?



It cannot be doubted that the Parisian police have succeeded in unearthing a Nihilist plot of a very grave character. Whatever may be our opinions as to the nature of the present Government of Russia, and the shameful cruelties inflicted upon political prisoners in Siberia, there is, happily, a universal agreement among honest men as to the wickedness of assassination as a means of redressing political wrongs, and unfortunately we cannot doubt that assassination was in the minds of the Russians who were arrested in Paris a few days ago. Such men, like the Irish-American dynamiters, not only convict themselves of being enemies of the human race, but invariably prove to be the worst enemies of the cause on behalf of which they act. The outlook in Russia for the friends of liberty is gloomy enough in any case, but it would become infinitely more gloomy if a crime like that which these Parisian Nihilists had in contemplation were to be carried out. The wickedness of the thing is naturally that which first strikes the mind, but second only to its wickedness is its folly.

THE view which we took last week of the alleged revelations by the Paris correspondent of the *Times* of the contents of the Memoirs of TALLEYRAND has been confirmed by the DUC DE BROGLIE. The Duke asserts that the MS. of the Memoirs, which is in his possession, has been seen by no one, and declares that the alleged extracts published by the *Times* are nothing more than the fabrications—partly from memory, and partly from imagination—of some person who was once in the employment of the great diplomatist. Internal evidence was from the first conclusive on this point, and ought to have saved the *Times* from the blunder into which it fell of treating the wordy common-places supplied to it by its Paris correspondent seriously.

THE campaign against gambling continues. The prohibition of "guessing competitions" referred to in these pages last week turns out to have been very much exaggerated. But the French Government has just ordered that every "Pari-Mutuel"—the complicated pool which was recommended not long ago as a cure for some of the evils of the English turf—shall be strictly localised, and that commission agents who undertake commissions for it from persons at a distance will be prosecuted under an article of the Penal Code which refers to keepers of gambling-houses, and imposes penalties varying from 100 to 6,000 francs, and two to six months' imprisonment. A good deal of difficulty, however, is anticipated in carrying out this intention. Meanwhile from Roumania it is announced that a Bill has been introduced forbidding judges to play cards, which is, however, conceived in the interest of the suitors, rather than of judicial morals.

By the death of SIR GEORGE BURNS, of Castle Wemyss, we have lost one of the greatest captains of industry of the present century. SIR GEORGE BURNS, who had reached the great age of 95, was, as is well known, one of the pioneers of that steam navigation which has revolutionised the conditions of life throughout the civilised world. So far back as 1824 he owned steamers running from the port of Glasgow; but it is chiefly in connection with the establishment of the great commercial undertaking known as the Cunard Line that he obtained both fame and fortune. As the partner of MR. CUNARD, the founder of the Line, MR. BURNS rendered invaluable aid to that undertaking, and succeeded by his energy and sagacity in placing it upon a sound commercial footing. It is strange indeed to think that a man who died but a few days ago should not only have seen the rise of that vast steam traffic which now unites the Old World and the New, but should himself have been the chief, or one of the chief agents in creating it. For

many years past SIR GEORGE BURNS has lived in retirement at his beautiful house on the Clyde, where he has watched the development of the enterprise begun by himself, and which has been carried to a point that far surpassed his wildest dreams when he began his great work. But who can say that the means of communication between England and America are not still in their infancy?

THE advance in the price of gas in the north and north-west of London is a small thing in itself, and may be perfectly justifiable on strict economic grounds, but it is no small matter that one of the necessities of life—for such it is—should thus be raised in price to the population of a great district at the discretion of a private company which is in the enjoyment of an absolute monopoly. The Gas Light and Coke Company are, however, merely enforcing the lesson which is taught by the action of MR. MONRO with regard to processions as well as by many other events of the hour. Sooner or later London will recognise, as the great provincial towns have already done, the necessity of having under its own control the supply both of light and of water to its citizens, and the action now taken by a great commercial company will undoubtedly strengthen the hands of the Reform Party on the London County Council.

THE Stock Markets have been generally firm during the week, but the chief activity has been in Egyptian bonds, Ottoman Bank shares, and copper shares. The international market generally, however, has risen. The contract for the conversion of the Egyptian Preference Debt was signed at the beginning of the week between the representatives of the Egyptian Government and the bankers who are to carry through the operation, and the new bonds which are to be brought out at 91 have been quoted in the market at 97. The Unified bonds have risen to 99, and there has been an advance also in the old preference bonds, and in the Domain bonds. The Turkish bonds secured on the Egyptian Tribute have not advanced as much as might have been expected. In Ottoman Bank shares there has been a very active speculation, and there has been a marked rise in copper mining shares, the consumption of copper being unprecedentedly large at present. It is the general opinion of the trade, which is supported indeed by all the facts so far as they are known, that the consumption at the present time is exceeding the production. General trade is fairly good, but the iron and steel industries continue depressed. There is a further fall in freights; ships are beginning to be laid up idle in dock, and shipbuilders are complaining of the want of orders.

THE rate of discount in the open market is slowly moving upwards in consequence of the foreign demand for gold. During the week ended Wednesday night, the net withdrawals from the Bank of England amounted to £332,000, and the withdrawals are likely to continue. It is said that about a million sterling will be very shortly sent to the Argentine Republic, while the Paris demand is likely to grow stronger as the time for issuing the new funding loan approaches. Therefore bankers and discount brokers are not willing to take bills as cheaply as they were doing a little while ago; yet the supply of loanable capital in the market is so large that the rise in rates is not as rapid as it ought to be, considering the smallness of the Bank of England's reserve, and it is not likely to be very marked immediately, as coin for the next month or six weeks will return from the internal circulation. The prospectus is issued of the Economic Printing and Publishing Company, with a capital of £100,000. The Company proposes to carry on the printing and publishing business with the aid of Linotype composing machines.

### THE RIGHT OF PROCESSION.

IT is nothing less than lamentable to see the nonsense which is being spoken and written with regard to the right of procession through the streets of London, or rather—for the case of London is exactly the same as that of any other town in the United Kingdom—through public thoroughfares anywhere.

We shall hardly be suspected of a desire to encourage lawlessness or terrorism in the British Empire, but no mistake could be greater than that of identifying the right of procession with the right to disturb one's neighbours, or to break the public peace. We say the *right* of procession because a right it undoubtedly is, founded upon the usage which has been sanctioned through generations, and upon the prescriptive privilege of Englishmen to give expression to their opinions in any lawful manner. Yet if we may judge by the "rescript" of Mr. Monro, the Chief Commissioner of Police, this right is on the point of being filched from us as a people at the bidding of a single official. We have heard during the past week all the arguments which are to be urged in favour of Mr. Monro's decree *ad nauseam*. It is not, we are told, the right to walk in procession in furtherance of a public object which is now being denied to the people of London, but only the right to walk through certain streets where a procession must necessarily impede the traffic and cause a certain measure of inconvenience. We admit all this, and yet still contend that if Mr. Monro should eventually triumph in this matter it will not be long before any procession—however legal, however necessary it may be—will be made impossible by some fresh order from Scotland Yard. We have only to look back a few years in order to see what progress has been made under the present Ministry in the bad work of trampling upon the liberties of the public, and upon the right of Englishmen to give free expression to their opinions. It was under a former Tory administration that Hyde Park was for a time closed to the public, and Trafalgar Square appointed as a suitable place in which to hold great political demonstrations. We know how that arrangement came to an end. The public insisted upon retaining Hyde Park as a place of meeting, and the Government having to choose between surrender and a revolutionary tumult, wisely adopted the former alternative. For a number of years, during successive Liberal and Conservative administrations, everything worked peaceably; but when the present Government came into office, and a political meeting was summoned to condemn the Coercion policy which was enforced by the arrest of Irish Members of Parliament, the Home Office and Scotland Yard resolved to make another attempt to curtail the liberties of the people of London, and Trafalgar Square was closed against them as a place of meeting. Even those who admit that there were sufficient reasons for this step must, we think, upon a careful review of the events of that disastrous Sunday in 1887, arrive at the conclusion that the manner in which the authorities enforced their decree was in the highest degree objectionable. Rightly or wrongly, however, the result of the measure they then took was to deprive the people of London of one of their most effective modes of giving a public and powerful demonstration of their views upon burning questions of the day. Since then, step by step, the same evil process of repression has been carried on, until now we have a policeman coming forward to tell a very large body of the public that if they choose, following old constitutional precedent, to walk in procession in order to make a public display of their feelings on a great question, they shall only do so within the narrow limits which he is pleased to appoint. If Mr. Monro has the right to say to the processionists of to-day that they may only meet singly or by twos and threes upon the Embankment, and that they can only be allowed to march from the Embankment to Hyde Park by a particular route, which happens to

be not only the shortest, but that which is least open to public observation, there is no reason whatever why next year the same gentleman, should a similar demonstration be contemplated, may not order those taking part in it to meet within the gates of Hyde Park itself. How much further is the evil work to be carried before the electors of London learn the bitter truth that under the present Government, and in the spirit which now prevails at Whitehall and Scotland Yard, the privileges enjoyed by their forefathers are being steadily and swiftly stolen from them?

The public convenience is of course the great argument which is used in favour of the suppression of the right of procession. The public convenience unquestionably deserves full consideration, but we have only to consider for a moment on how many occasions and on what slight pretexts it is ruthlessly interfered with, in order to see how far it is from being the sacred thing which the authorities now represent it as being. How many times in the season is the traffic diverted and grave inconvenience caused by a drawing-room, a levee, or a Queen's ball? How constantly are the general public made to suffer by the block of fashionable carriages in Piccadilly on their way to the Park on a June afternoon; and who has not witnessed that complete disorganisation of the traffic over a great part of London which attends each successive Lord Mayor's day? If an illustrious warrior is to be buried in St. Paul's, the authorities now make it almost impossible for a business man to reach his office or his warehouse in the City for hours before the time fixed for the actual funeral. If a foreign potentate like the Shah is enjoying civic hospitalities, matters are still worse. We have no desire to suggest any interference with due arrangements for the comfort of the guests either of the Queen or of the City of London, and however small may be the respect we feel for the foolish pageantry of a Lord Mayor's Show, we are perfectly content to submit to the inconvenience which necessarily attends that annual folly. But if any one of these pretexts is considered sufficient to warrant the wholesale interference with the public comfort, on what ground can it be pretended that a demonstration like that of to-day, in which tens of thousands of the people of London are interested, which has for its object a serious political movement, and which is being anxiously watched by millions throughout the country, is to be treated in a different manner?

There can be only one answer to this question, and it is not one which can be heard by Englishmen who cling to their national liberties and their rights as citizens, with equanimity. To-day's demonstration is being interfered with, not because a small proportion of the public would suffer inconvenience if the procession were allowed to march along Pall Mall instead of Bird Cage Walk, but because the demonstration itself is directly hostile to the persons who are now in possession of power. We cannot imagine anything more lamentable, or anything more directly opposed to the best traditions of English political life, than an attempt such as this is, on the part of the 'ins' to trample upon the 'outs.' How often in Pharisaic mood have we looked down with righteous scorn upon our neighbours on the banks of the Seine because they have taken a similar course? To-day it is the Parisian who can look down upon the people of London.

Yet despite the fact that the Demonstration has been thus curtailed, and that a procession which would have been regarded not only as absolutely legal but as in accordance with the best interests of the public a few years ago, is now treated by the authorities as something like an outrage upon order, we have no fears for the success of the meeting in Hyde Park. The conscience of the nation has been touched by the monstrous proposals of the Government, proposals which are none the less monstrous because they have been put before us in so insidious a form. Neither Mr. Smith and the Closure in the House of Commons, nor Mr. Monro and the police in the streets, will



really be able to stifle the opposition of the country to a measure the iniquity of which is every day being more fully recognised. Ministers by means of their mechanical majority and the free use of the Parliamentary gag may succeed in carrying their Bill through the House of Commons; but they cannot carry it in the country. The hour of reckoning approaches swiftly, and severe will be the retribution which the nation will inflict. If anything could add to the public abhorrence of the attempt to give legal sanction to the pretensions of the publicans, it will be the fact that the resistance to that attempt is being dealt with, both in Parliament and in our streets, in a manner so arbitrary and high-handed, that it is difficult to reconcile it with the maintenance of constitutional institutions. As for the question of the police and the right of procession, it is one which before long must be dealt with, not by the authorities at Scotland Yard, who after all are still the servants and not the masters of the community at large, but by the free voice of the electors of London, who will hardly be content to find themselves ousted from mastership in their own house. No stronger argument in favour of the transfer of the control of the police to the governing body of the metropolis could be desired than that which is to be found in Mr. Monro's ukase, and its defence by Ministers in the House of Commons.

### BRIBERY ALL ROUND.

WHEN Mr. Goschen joined the present Government, not a few Liberals believed that his apostasy on other questions would at least be atoned for by his loyalty to the traditional doctrines and principles of sound finance. During his electoral campaign in Edinburgh, in 1885, he proclaimed himself a convinced and faithful disciple of Mr. Gladstone on questions of finance. Now the most distinct characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's financial policy has been its courageous integrity. Through the whole of his illustrious career as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he never shrank from possible unpopularity in the practical assertion of his financial principles. To pay his way was a cardinal rule of his policy. He steadily refused to play the spendthrift on borrowed money. Mr. Gladstone's courage as Finance Minister extorted the admiration of that keen observer of politics and politicians, the late Prince Consort, and he gave emphatic expression of it in a letter published in Sir Theodore Martin's life of him. Mr. Disraeli, as the Prince remarked, acted on the opposite principle of cowardly finance. His aim was to produce a Budget which should be popular rather than sound. As it happened, honesty in this case, as in most cases, turned out to be the best policy. Mr. Gladstone's financial policy commanded at last a degree of popularity among all classes and parties which made it a unique chapter in the history of the British Parliament; and its popularity has been more than justified by results. In spite of his boast that he is in financial matters a loyal disciple of Mr. Gladstone, it is Mr. Disraeli's financial mantle, not Mr. Gladstone's, that has fallen on Mr. Goschen. His financial policy has been directly the reverse of courageous. He has cast to the winds the principles which he inherited from Mr. Gladstone and still cherishes in his financial conscience, and has aimed at the manufacture of popular Budgets. In framing them he looks towards the next General Election rather than towards the welfare of the country at large. Rather than incur the possible unpopularity of imposing new taxes, he has laid hands on the fund set aside for the payment of the National Debt. He remits taxation by plundering the prudential savings of the Legislature, robbing Peter to pay Paul. This year he has done something much worse. He had a magnificent surplus with which a financier with the genius and conscientious courage of Mr. Gladstone would have electrified the country. Mr. Goschen has handled his surplus in the spirit of a tricky pedlar, and has

so mismanaged his splendid opportunity that he has already seriously damaged instead of aiding the Government, and may end by involving it in serious disaster. What can be more insane than his Publican Endowment Bill, except the denial that it is an endowment scheme? The question does not admit of serious argument. That an annual licence to sell drink does not create a vested interest, is a proposition which reason and common sense affirm, and which has been ratified by what may fairly be called a *consensus* of legal authorities. The standing counsel of the Licensed Victuallers' Association has made the following plain and emphatic declaration: "I am sorry to say, having looked into this question most exhaustively, and having compared notes with my brethren well versed in this matter, that there cannot be the smallest doubt that in the strict sense no such thing as a vested interest exists. The mere mention of the term vested interest should be avoided, as it infuriates every Court from the Queen's Bench downwards." The licensed publican possesses a most lucrative monopoly, and his trade is a speculation in as strict a sense as a speculator's venture on the Stock Exchange, with this difference, that the publican's licence gives him special advantages. And what he receives every year is a new licence, not a sanction of the old licence. The Law Courts have persistently declined to recognise vested interests even in official appointments renewable every year. A case in point is the bearing of the City Parochial Charities Act on the holders of parish offices. In many City parishes the parish clerk, beadle, organist, sexton, and other parish functionaries, are formally reappointed every Easter. The Charity Commissioners have therefore decided, and they have been sustained by the Courts in deciding, that such parish officers have no vested interests; and many men are thus thrown upon the world destitute after thirty and forty years' service. Yet we are told that a publican has a vested interest in a licence which expires annually! It is a preposterous contention. That the proposal of the Government is in effect an enormous endowment of public-houses is incontestable. It is within the knowledge of the present writer that a country publican who, three years ago, bought a public-house and its goodwill for £900, refused last week £4,000 for it. Many telling examples of this kind are given in the excellent articles which Cardinal Manning and Mr. Caine have contributed to the current number of the *Contemporary Review*. Mr. Goschen's scheme is, in short, a gigantic electioneering bribe to the publican interest, and its success would be the death-knell of the cause of temperance throughout the land.

But bribery is in truth the badge of all the tribe of Ministerialists. It marks all their policy, foreign and domestic. Germany has shown a disposition to trouble us in Egypt, and this is to be bribed off by concessions in Africa, which are highly injurious to British influence and commerce. The Ottoman Porte may also vex us in Egypt; therefore it must be bribed by being allowed a free hand to trample on the "peace with honour" brought home from the Congress of Berlin. Great Powers are to be bribed by surrenders, small ones bullied by ultimatums: this is the spirited foreign policy of a Government which is everlastingly challenging admiration of its courage. At home it is the same thing. The Pope, for example, has tried to help the Government in Ireland. He inhibited the testimonial to Mr. Parnell, and the sum asked for was consequently doubled. He denounced boycotting and the Plan of Campaign, and the Irish party immediately announced their belief that the Papal infallibility did not extend to the domain of politics. The Pope's interference therefore does not seem to have helped the Government much. But the Government are showing their gratitude for favours yet to come. They are very anxious to have the Pope as an ally in the government of the British Empire. We recommend our readers to study the Parliamentary papers respecting the mission of Sir Lintorn Simmons to the Vatican. He was sent as "Envoy

Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to His Holiness the Pope." In brief, the aid of the Pope has been invoked by our Government in administering the island of Malta. One of the subjects of negotiation was that of marriage. It appears that the Holy See repudiated the validity of marriages contracted between persons both of whom were "non-Catholics." An Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary is therefore "accredited" by the Queen, at the instance of the Government, to go cap in hand to the Pope to beg him to be so good as to recognise the validity of marriages contracted between British subjects (none of them Roman Catholics) under the ægis of British law. This accredited British Plenipotentiary tells Lord Salisbury that he "did not anticipate much difficulty," forsooth! "in obtaining the concurrence of the Holy See to such measures as may be necessary for legalising marriages, both parties to which are non-Catholics." We call further attention to the indignity here offered to the majority of this realm. Is it come to this, that we must on bended knees obtain from the Pope "such measures as may be necessary for legalising marriages" between subjects of the British Crown who are not even Roman Catholics? In addition to this, we have formally aided the Pope in abolishing the Canon Law, and establishing the authority of the Council of Trent in part of Her Majesty's dominions. Our Government has managed at the same time to put an affront on the Government of Italy by styling Cardinal Rampolla "the Cardinal Secretary of State." Of what State? The State that was the Pope's, and now belongs to the Crown of Italy. In return for the Pope's alliance in Irish affairs our courageous Government has quietly been signing away some of the rights of the British Crown in Malta, and offering at the same time an affront to a friendly Power.

Space fails us in enumerating the full list of bribes with which the Government hopes to win in the next general election. Their Irish policy is a combination of whips and lollipops. Last year Mr. Balfour offered a bribe in the shape of an endowment for a Roman Catholic university, which he quickly explained away the moment he was threatened with a breath of unpopularity. This year we have the huge bribe of the Land Purchase Bill, at the risk of the British taxpayer. But the bribe does not seem to be very alluring either to landlords or tenants. The same may be said of the Tithes Bill. The clergy are not enamoured of it, and the landlords detest it. Indeed, the Pope and the publicans are the only parties who appear to be quite satisfied with the bribes which our Government has offered them. We doubt, however, whether "the friends of the Pope and publicans" will prove a winning cry when the day of reckoning comes.

### THE INTERNATIONAL LABOUR MOVEMENT.

THIS week and last have witnessed one or two facts in connection with the Labour Question well worthy of consideration. M. Ribot's circular and Congresses of Miners and other workmen of many nations held lately in Brussels have received ten times less attention than the latest phases of the scramble and intrigues for the partition of Central Africa. Are they really less momentous? Are they not the outward and visible signs of a movement transcendently more important than any form of filibustering or land-grabbing? It is usually lost labour, perverted ingenuity, to try to look at history as if it were philosophy teaching by example, as if it were the exposition of some abstract idea or truth. We do not much believe in the Hegelian or Gervinus system of writing history—in the fanciful pedantry which attempts to compress varied events into a formula, and state in a sentence the resultant of infinite forces meeting at infinitely varied angles. What seems to contemporaries so complete turns out to be partial and

one-sided. They see so near—and so little. What they took to be the sounding of the horologe of the world proves to be the tinkling of their own dinner-bell, or the announcement of the rising of the curtain on a farce. Though liable to be deceived, as other generations were, to make even gross mistakes as to the importance of all around us, we cannot be far wrong in thinking that we witness the working out of one of the great movements of history, not the less significant because it is in sharp contrast to that which preceded it. For the first half of this century the living principle in European politics was unquestionably the principle of nationality. Monarchs were proud to proclaim themselves apostles of this principle. Poets sang their best with this as their theme. It had its reverses, its days of darkness, and its splendid victories. It had its roll of martyrs and saints; for half a century the chief heroes on the stage of Europe—the Kossuths, the Mazzinis, the Cavour, the Garibaldis, the Manins—were soldiers of this cause, the triumphs of which have changed the map of Europe. What is the modern history of Greece, Germany, Hungary, and Italy, but the evolution of the idea of nationality? The movement has not entirely spent its force; it has still work to do; but for the moment there is a pause in its course. The under-current of European politics—the movement of the hour comparable in volume and force to the principle of nationality, say, in 1850—is what, for want of a better phrase, may be called the Labour Movement: everywhere resistless, everywhere re-casting legislation, overthrowing national prejudices, creating, we believe, new alliances, and sweeping away old animosities. The struggle for the principle of nationalities sums up fully forty years of European history. How many more will be spent in the contest for the rights of labour?

The new factor in the case is the demonstrated capacity of workmen of different nationalities to unite. We have before us Bastiat's letters, written for the most part in 1848; and it is curious to observe his confident anticipations respecting the immediate future. He was sure—and a multitude of the best minds of his time was no less confident—that the barriers between nations would be soon broken down by the operations of intelligent self-interest. Commerce was to do much more than minister to our wants and comforts, manufactures and trades. Traders and manufacturers, the first to see that policy of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market, must be in the advance guard of progress. This universal adherence to Free Trade must, no matter how rulers resisted, come quickly. It was a law of nature to which all must submit. As soon as men of business really had their say respecting tariffs, Protective duties must disappear. How profoundly mistaken have these prophecies been! How little have the commercial classes abroad done to realise them! Custom House officers still patrol every quay in Europe. Tariffs are longer, duties are heavier than they were in 1848; and since then there have grown up vested interests, with which the most ardent Free Trader admits that it is a serious necessity to make terms—the expected advance guard is lamentably in the rear. The so-called ignorant and prejudiced labourer, the working-man, almost forgotten in the speculations as to the golden future, has shown most capacity to surmount national prejudices. The federation of capitalists of which Free Traders talked in 1848 remains a dream, not to be realised certainly in our time, if ever. A federation of labour—workmen of all nations and tongues conferring together and uniting their forces to carry their ends—does not appear an impossibility. It begins to be, in part, realised. It is easy to make much, as is the fashion, of the differences often arising at conferences and congresses of working-men. Undoubtedly English representatives, as has been seen at Jolimont, have their own way of looking at labour problems—in our view a reasonable one—but one which does not always recommend itself to Frenchmen or Germans, who like ambitious programmes, and who are accustomed to call for State



help in circumstances in which Englishmen help themselves. Such minor though obtrusive differences never fail to appear. There remains, however, the fact that they confer and do business together, and that every year they exhibit more capacity for combining. Strange circumstance! They chiefly reveal that cosmopolitanism which Cobden and Bastiat thought must soon characterise all intelligent capitalists. Strange at first blush, because contrary to all that was once anticipated, but only natural, and indeed inevitable, if the matter be well considered. Who, in normal circumstances, profits most by combination, the capitalist or the labourer? Which is least able to walk alone? Here, the latter has won every right he possesses by means of combination. It is his best, indeed his only weapon; and he now begins to understand that, in order to obtain the objects which he has still in view—shorter hours, work under sanitary conditions—combination must stretch beyond national boundaries. Capitalists have, as a rule, not so obviously common interests. Fancy anyone talking in these days of the fraternity of capitalists! The nearest thing to it practicable perhaps is the Army and Navy Stores, a pool in shares, or a ring in copper. The Fraternity of Labour is not entirely a piece of revolutionary or rhetorical tinsel. Working-people everywhere, at all events for the present, have unmistakable interests in common, and are *solidaires* to a degree of which their employers know nothing. The International was, as armed anarchy in all forms deserves to be, a failure. But Mr. Burt, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Young, and in fact any of the English delegates to the International Miners' Congress, will testify that the possibility of united action in many peaceful ways by workmen of all nationalities is now plain to all practical men. No greater fact has come to us than this revelation of capacity to unite, irrespective of race and tongue.

We began by expressing distrust of the ideologue's way of looking at history, and we repeat it. Nevertheless, the only mode—if there be any way—of dimly divining the future, is to watch what fertile ideas are germinating in the present—to surmise from the quality and abundance of the seed what will be the harvest. Great events, we are told, spring from the graves of great thinkers; their words are the seed-bed of actions. Perhaps with more truth it might be said they proceed from widespread sentiments. But in either view there exist all the conditions necessary for the production of great social and economic changes. Nothing in modern times equalled in political influence Rousseau's theory of the "Contrat Social." His teaching had more to do with accelerating the Revolution than the cruelty of the tax-gatherer, or the maddening, insulting luxury of the old *régime*. There was a clear, complete gospel for all men, with its apt texts for all occasions. The fact that you must find in the assumed social pact the justification of all political institutions, that the hypothetical primitive convention was the ultimate test of all things, *qu'il faut toujours remonter à une première convention*, as Rousseau said, was a solvent which no part of the old structure of society could resist. And now that that theory is discredited we find it replaced by a theory equally widespread, equally seductive, equally calculated to be the supreme motive of communities. It is no mean fact that a great part of Europe is now in full possession of a doctrine no less comprehensive and destructive than Rousseau's—the doctrine that labour is the test or origin of all rights affecting in any way property, that all things irreconcilable with it must depart. This is the Shorter Catechism, the *Credo*, which all political parties must somehow, sooner or later, learn. With the truth of the doctrine or the necessary qualifications with which it must be taken we have not now to do. Our point is that the principle of nationality which altered the map of Europe may be less fruitful in consequences, that the teaching of Rousseau was not more searching than this new doctrine, everywhere accepted, which, when developed, may not leave one stone upon another of what some of us have been taught was the very temple of society.

#### IMPENDING SILVER LEGISLATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

AFTER much discussion, the Silver Bill begins to assume its ultimate form. It is now a mere question whether silver coinage shall be raised from two millions to four and a half millions of dollars monthly, or whether the coinage shall be free to all silver presented at the Mint. Before we attempt to gauge the effects of such legislation we must know the position of the silver dollar under the present law. From the beginning of the United States Government till 1878, each silver dollar was of real par value to a dollar in gold. In 1878, Bland passed his well-known Act for the coinage of silver dollars. Had he proposed to clip or sweat the gold dollar by three-tenths of its weight, the moral sense of his countrymen would have been outraged. He succeeded in declaring by law that a silver dollar of  $412\frac{1}{2}$  grains troy was to pass in legal value as equal to a gold dollar of  $25\frac{7}{8}$  grains troy, or in other words, that the silver dollar, though 30 per cent. inferior in market value to the gold dollar, should be of the same statutory value. The difference at once becomes apparent when a foreign debt has to be discharged. If an American shopkeeper buy one hundred pounds sterling worth of goods in the United States, he may discharge his debt by sending either 486 dollars in gold, or the same number of dollars in silver. If he order a like amount of goods in England, and desire to pay it in silver, he must send 695 dollars, which is the real value of silver in exchange. Since 1878, silver dollars have been coined at the rate of two million ounces per month, and now the Treasury have 350 million silver dollars, of which only 61 millions, or less than a dollar per head of the population, are in actual circulation as metal. The chief part of the remaining amount circulates in the form of paper money, while the silver itself, cumbrous the vaults of the Treasury, and is of no use in exchange. It is quite true that the silver dollar is at a legal par value with the gold dollar. A great nation, which has established its national credit, has issued silver notes as a legal tender, and keeps a reserve of 556 million dollars in gold and bullion, after deducting the gold certificates or paper money founded on gold. The silver certificates are only 283 millions, so hitherto their credit has been practically based on gold. Under the present law from 32 to 33 million silver dollars are annually coined and stored in the vaults, not one dollar of which goes into circulation. Under the new Bill,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  million ounces of fine silver will be coined monthly, making 54 millions yearly of fine silver, corresponding to 70 million dollars standard. If free coinage of silver be introduced into the Bill, this quantity may be indefinitely extended.

It is easy to understand why the American refuses to deal with the silver dollar, and insists on having its paper representative. If he have to receive a debt of twenty pounds, he must put  $5\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. of metal into his pocket. If he be paid one hundred pounds in silver dollars, the weight of  $27\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. becomes intolerable. So the silver dollars remain useless in the Treasury vaults, and paper certificates are circulated in their place. Silver certificates have increased in the last year by  $36\frac{3}{4}$  millions of dollars, but as rather more than that sum has been withdrawn from circulation in the form of national bank-notes, there seems to be a limit to their practical circulation. Perhaps this explains the energy with which silver-producers and inflationists have thrown themselves into the movement for new legislation. The amount of silver actually produced in the United States is 50 million ounces of fine silver annually, while the amount of coinage under the Silver Bill will be 54 million ounces, so that even that limit will require purchase of silver from foreign markets. In the prospect of this legislation the price of silver has risen 8 per cent.—from 44d. to 48d. per ounce. A greater demand upon a world's produce which even in 1888 amounted in value only to 142 millions of

dollars, necessarily raises the speculative price, and will maintain it just so long as Americans are satisfied with their nominal silver dollar, and can persuade themselves to take it at par with the gold dollar, or until the market is flooded with silver attracted by a fictitious and over-rated price. Besides the increasing annual produce, there is much accumulated silver waiting for a market if the United States give free coinage. Roumania, Italy, Belgium, Holland, France, and Germany have excessive silver reserves which they can throw on the market. The latter alone has about 22 millions sterling in cumbrous thalers, which it would gladly convert into gold. India is already showing a desire to hoard gold, and may open the sluices of her dammed-up silver. The United States have hitherto shown no power to maintain the price of silver in the markets of the world. Notwithstanding their huge coinage of silver dollars since 1878, the price of silver, until the last few weeks, steadily fell by twenty per cent. Undoubtedly their new legislation will cause the absorption of more silver, because it will drive gold out of the country, just as it disappeared when the notes of the United States were below par, before and after the war. Even last year the United States net export of gold was 6¼ millions sterling, or more than they produce within the Union. Coinage does not withdraw silver from the regular influences of market values, and is quite powerless, except through the ordinary operations of supply and demand, to raise prices either of the coined metal or of any other commodity. That it can do so is the hope and the delusion of bimetallists. They conceive that the volume of coin, as circulating medium, determines prices, putting them up when the volume is great, and down when it is contracted. Since the Bland Act of 1878, the amount of coin and paper put into circulation has been double the increase in proportion to the population, and yet, up to 1888, prices of silver and most other commodities have gone down, and this in spite of the fact that gold and silver circulated at legal par. The gold and silver coin and bullion increased by 726 million dollars, but the legal tender notes in circulation did not increase, being the same in amount on 1st January, 1879, as they were in 1889; while the national bank-notes decreased by 90 millions. The bimetallists in this country have little comfort in the monetary legislation of the United States in the past, and are likely enough to be disillusioned in the future. They are getting small consolation from the rise in the price of silver at home. Manchester goods we were told would follow the price of silver. That has increased by eight per cent., and American cotton has followed it by rising six per cent.; but Manchester shirtings have not even been determined by the price of cotton, for they have only gone up 1½ per cent. during the silver boom between the 29th of March and 17th of May. Does this establish the Lancashire view that dearer silver means a larger profit?

The legislation of the United States will no doubt raise the price of silver, and for a time maintain it. As in all periods of inflation, there will be a speculative rise in the prices of real estate and of general commodities. Gold must disappear under the operation of the Gresham law, which forces the over-rated metal to push the other linked to it out of circulation. Then the people of the United States will take alarm that their silver dollars are only of fictitious value in the markets of the world, and will be as prompt to stop their coinage as they are now to increase it. The silver produced under the stimulus of an increased demand will in time become excessive, and the market value of 44d. per ounce is likely to be re-established, then the legal value of 59d. in the dollar could no longer be maintained. The catastrophe will inevitably come, according to all economic laws, and we may hope that the bimetallists of England will not be strong enough to pull this country over the precipice. A local silver dollar, like that of the United States, of par value with gold only by a legal fiction, is unsteady and subject to gambling speculations because it is not anchored on the world's cur-

rency. The country which uses it is at a disadvantage in the commerce of the world. Coinage depends upon many conditions, the chief of which are the convenience of use for internal wages, and for external exchange which is dependent on tonnage specific gravity, storage and transportation. It has to circulate among the pockets of men, from nation to nation, from city to city, and from bank to bank. Gold coinage or bullion is fitted for easy and quick work, and for heavy commercial transactions; silver can only do slow work with small affairs. To force the United States into the condition of a silver-using country is to push it off its pedestal as a great nation and reduce it to the rank of a semi-civilised nation in all monetary affairs. All this is due to the desire of the silver-producers and the inflationists to secure the survival of the unfittest metal in the coinage of their nation. The currency of the United States can be supported in that country longer than in any other, because it has very small export markets for manufactured goods, and is less dependent on foreign exchanges. Fluctuations in exchange, with a currency of universal value, are like the waves of the sea, being slight disturbances of a general mean ocean level. A local fictitious currency is like water impounded in a reservoir with only a narrow channel in which it can flow, and when its volume becomes augmented it will deal destruction to all who are within the range of the escaping torrent.

#### MR. BALFOUR'S WORK IN TIPPERARY.

IT is idle to waste breath in denouncing the savagery of Mr. Balfour's agents who ran amuck last week from Tipperary town to Boherlahan, and from Boherlahan to Cashel, striking down defenceless men and women for meeting, cheering, or even shaking hands with their representatives. There were three more Mitchelstowns in everything except the discharge of firearms. The persistency with which Mr. Gladstone has invoked English attention to the first Mitchelstown has inspired Dublin Castle with a wholesome dread of producing any more Mitchelstowns—at least, after the lurid pattern of the first. They find it safer to carry on the miserable village scrimmages which Mr. Morley happily foreshadowed as a "squalid thirty years' war." There were no shots or corpses in Tipperary. There were only persons felled to the earth and beaten about the head to the number of seventy in Tipperary town, twenty or thirty in the ten minutes' baton-charge at Boherlahan, and better than fifty treated in the Cashel Infirmary during the evening. Men frequently suffer as grievously from those wounds on the head as from bullets; and in some cases die off a few months after, as happened within the past few months to one of the most athletic young men in Tipperary who was set upon with batons, and struck on the head while he was lying on the ground. The member for North Monaghan will probably suffer all his life from the effects of two fearful blows on the head which he received by my side in Cork; but how many of the English public are even aware that his life was for more than six weeks hanging in the balance? Mr. Balfour's agents rightly calculate that, if they can stop short of actual shooting and killing, the English newspapers are too overcrowded, and the English public too busy to pay much attention to the tedious annals of fractures of the skull inflicted upon an obscure Irish village crowd, who do not strike back. The result is that the very submissiveness which we have preached to our people causes their sufferings to pass unnoticed, and when Mr. Balfour brags of the absence of sensational Irish news from the newspapers, it is only Englishmen like Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, and Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Rowntree, who go actually down among the people and study their daily lives, who understand that the scenes enacted in Tipperary last week are enacted every week and almost every day in some part of the country, with the sole difference that Mr.



Dillon is not there to be batoned, or English newspaper correspondents to record the demeanour of his assailants. Within the past ten days scores of cases of police violence quite as inexcusable and as brutal as those in Tipperary occurred in my own constituency at Fermoy, and at Portumna, in the county of Galway; and it would be safe to assume that not one English newspaper reader in a thousand read even the names of those localities in their papers, although the report of the two powder-squibs (grotesquely described as "explosives") fired off by foolish schoolboys in Tipperary, has literally resounded through England. That is the real cruelty of the people's situation in Ireland—that, if they strike back, they are miscreants; and if they endure in silence, it is taken for granted that they have nothing very grievous to endure.

It is not at all sufficiently apprehended in Great Britain that Mr. Balfour has effected a complete change of front from the original coercion policy which he expounded to Mr. Wilfrid Blunt. His first theory was that he had only to strike down a handful of leaders to end his difficulties. The first eighteen months of the Coercion Act were devoted almost exclusively to pursuing a few prominent men with penalties and degradations, and striking terror by bold theatrical representations in action of Captain Plunkett's *mot d'ordre*: "Don't hesitate to shoot." Dr. Tanner was felled to the ground in Cork with the blow of a baton; Mr. John O'Connor was brutally assaulted; Mr. Condon was bludgeoned over and over again and thrust into a prison van; Mr. Dillon was clad in convict's garb; Mr. Edward Harrington was subjected to petty indignities that made men's blood boil; Mr. Blunt was flung off a platform, and Lady Anne Blunt seized by the throat with a violence from which she still suffers; and so on, the brutalities exercised by the police and jailors being reinforced by the more refined brutalities of hint and sneer by which Mr. Balfour has vindicated his eminence in the Salisbury family. Eighteen months' experience of Irish attachment to their leaders and British opinion at the bye-elections taught him the error of his profound scheme for cowering the Irish race by treating John Dillon as a garotter, and winning the sympathy of humane Englishmen by evil hints at poor John Mandeville's visits to public-houses—lying as well as shameful hints. The Balfouresque policy for the past twelve months has been a total right-about-face. The enthusiasm for prosecuting, bludgeoning, and sneering at Irish leaders has cooled off; and we had in Tipperary last week the "brave Mr. Balfour," whose battle-cry used to be "No distinction of persons," ordering a brutal assault on a paralytic boy and on his aged mother for cheering Mr. Dillon and myself, while the batonmen who laid open the heads of our "dupes" contented themselves with grinding their teeth and growling like wild animals at the principals. So it is with English visitors. When they came over in force to inaugurate New Tipperary, Colonel Caddell and his braves stood obsequiously by while the vast procession swept through the decorated streets where on Sunday week mere Tipperary-men were bludgeoned for raising a cheer. A tipsy sergeant of police was degraded to the ranks for making offensive remarks in the neighbourhood of Mr. Halley Stewart, M.P., who, two years ago, would have been hustled off a platform and sent to the plank-bed for any one of the half-dozen speeches he delivered publicly during his late visit. Mr. Halley Stewart, being an English Member of Parliament, is bowed through the country by the officials cap in hand; Father Humphreys is dogged at every step through the streets of his own town by two insolent constables, one of whom walks shoulder to shoulder with him on the footpath, while the other follows at his heels; and, if he protests, he is happy if he is not jostled into the street and a charge of assault trumped up against him, as was done last week in the case of a humbler victim. Mr. Balfour's earlier manner was: "Wherever you see a leader hit him and degrade him." It was at least an intelligible policy, and, if it were not dropped under the base compulsion of the loss of Tory seats at the bye-elections, would have

had at least an element of barbaric courage in it. But that policy has been given over in sheer Ministerial funk. The revised battle-cry is, "Give the leaders a wide berth, and hit the followers if you are reasonably sure they have no friends, and that there is nobody looking. Have no scenes that will require large headings in the English papers. Bide your time for petty local persecution until the English special correspondents have flitted for want of sensational 'copy.' Punish Mr. Shaw-Lefevre and Mr. Halley Stewart with a coarse sneer for doing what you sent Mr. Wilfrid Blunt to the plank-bed and ruined Mr. Conybeare's health for doing. Carry out your evictions no longer on the Bodyke scale but on the newly-patented silent system in half-dozens or dozens at unexpected moments until you have every campaign estate in the country stealthily cleared of its entire population. Give one newspaper-man who happens to have friends among the English people leave to write a novel in prison, while another newspaper-man's, Mr. McEnery's, term of nine months' hard labour at Tullamore is passing over without notice amidst barbarities as shocking as ever roused the British public in Mr. Carew's or Mr. O'Brien's case: above all, no more Mitchelstowns, with their inexorable voices from the grave, when you can accomplish just as much landlord terrorism unobserved by giving policemen the right to bludgeon village crowds in the dark for cheering, or playing a drum, and setting Colonel Caddell over them to direct their operations as a commander, and next morning to hold the scales of justice between them and their victims as a magistrate. Then, if the people are goaded into outrage, the English public will see what Hottentots they are; and if nothing will prick the people into seeking redress by bloodshed, we can brag that peace and content reign through the island.

It is a cunning, if not very valiant change of policy. The assaults committed on Mr. Dillon and myself in the heat of the police razzia at Boherlahan only argue that individual bunglers have not adapted themselves to their new orders.\* The substitution of a local for a National system of police terrorism has been effected within the past twelve months almost without attracting the smallest notice in England, although the result has been increased by local suffering from Coercion. It is because the events in Tipperary offer an opportunity of exposing Balfourism in its new development that I trust the whole force of English Liberalism may be thrown into the scale to force a public Parliamentary inquiry into the whole subject of the struggle in Tipperary. Police rule in Tipperary is an enlarged photograph of police rule in scores of oppressed villages too obscure or meek to attract notice to their own humble tale of wrong. It is of prime importance, too, that British electors should have sounder materials than assertions whirling across the floor of the House of Commons to form a decisive judgment upon which side lie justice and human rights in the Tipperary conflict; because it is certain that the course of that conflict will soon exercise a large, possibly a determining, influence upon the General Elections. The landlord combination and their thick-and-thin partisan, Mr. Balfour, have waded in too deep for retreat; and the tenants have made up their minds to abide the arbitrament of the British electors, since every other form of arbitration has been rejected with insult by the allied evictors and coercionists. What is wanted is full, free, and searching inquiry how the quarrel arose, what has been the conduct of the people, what the methods of Mr. Balfour's lieutenants and inferior agents. When the writer a few weeks ago suggested the appointment of a Select Committee to place the facts incontrovertibly before a puzzled British public, Mr. Balfour had the hardihood to reply that there was really no matter of fact in dispute between us. The truth is that the Select Committee ought to set out by considering whether or

\* Since this article was written, the papers announce that forty-two of the persons who met near Cashel have been prosecuted; while there is no mention of prosecutions of those who called these poor people together. This is an excellent specimen of Mr. Balfour's "later manner."

not Mr. Balfour's own statements on the subject to the House of Commons are not so flagrantly stamped with falsehood as to discredit him irreparably in the eyes of men who love candour and hate ingenious lying. In the course of one short speech, he pledged himself to one statement which, to the personal knowledge of ten members of the House (four of them English), is an impudent untruth, and made two other statements which can be proved beyond yea or nay to be equally mendacious. The man who has made himself the mouthpiece of three such untruths as to the most notorious facts of the struggle can take but one way of clearing himself from the reproach of brazening out brutality in Tipperary by measureless lying in Parliament, and that is by submitting his whole Tipperary policy to the test of a full and fearless public investigation. If, as he contends, the Smith-Barry tenantry have embarked on the Plan of Campaign through dishonesty, and persevered in it by means of violence and outrage, could he possibly desire a better means of bolstering up the hapless Parnell Commission Report than he will have to his hand in the evidence amassed by a Special Committee who would elicit every particular as to the killed and wounded, and as to the death-dealing machinery of the "explosive bombs?" If, on the other hand, the people of Tipperary are simply engaged in as lawful a Trades Union strike as ever was formed against an act of landlord aggression as wicked as even the evil annals of Irish landlordism can match—if they have given up tens of thousands of pounds' worth of their property without a single act of resistance to the law, or a single mischance in life or limb to any human being—if Mr. Balfour's failure, after all but twelve months' ferocious Coercion, to interrupt the peaceful transfer of the business and population of Mr. Smith-Barry's town to New Tipperary, has so worked upon himself and his subordinates that they have entered upon an intolerable system of exasperation with a view to getting the people into the clutches of the Coercion law, or within stroke of a policeman's bludgeon—if, at the present moment, the high-spirited people who were capable of an almost incredible pitch of self-abnegation for the saving of their poor countrymen, are living under conditions of misgovernment which make life a torment, dogged and jostled by tipsy policemen, subject to furious assaults by armed men whenever they meet together, or cheer, or even stand in their own streets, and provided with no other representative of public justice than the Removable magistrate who superintends the police charges—it is quite intelligible that Mr. Balfour should shrink from the white light of a Parliamentary inquiry; but there is all the more crying necessity that the British people should be once for all apprised of the truth as to this system of petty devilry which the people of Tipperary are enduring, and should strip Mr. Balfour of the cunning Parliamentary mask by which he sometimes succeeds in concealing, even from keen English eyes, his impotence in Tipperary, and his shameless vilification of the people he has failed to conquer.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

### HIGHER AND INTERMEDIATE TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

IN a former article on Technical Education in primary schools, I promised to consider the question of its application in the case of secondary instruction. I would now ask permission to do so, and to show how far and in what way the Technical Act of last Session has been adopted and is working.

Perhaps few outside the charmed circle really understand what Technical Education means; the very name is unsatisfactory and misleading, and as to the interpretation of the Act, did not the Lord President himself, as the highest educational authority in the country, actually acknowledge to the Marquis of Ripon that he could not explain it?

And yet to those within the charmed circle the definition of Technical Education is plain enough. It simply means that opportunity should be given to every class of our people, to each kind in its own degree, to learn such things and to develop such habits of mind and body as will in the long run, or in the short one, best enable it to excel in the professional, industrial, and commercial struggle for existence in which the nations are now engaged. That our educational authorities in England, whether considering the case of poor or rich, have not hitherto arrived at the most satisfactory solution of this great problem is generally admitted. How to solve it properly is the question to which the nation is now addressing itself.

In the last article on this subject I pointed out that although radical changes in certain directions are required in the curriculum of our elementary schools in order to lay the foundations of a technical education amongst the people, these changes need not be difficult to accomplish. It is a pleasing admission for one to make who, as a rule, finds himself in determined opposition to the Government measures, that for once he is able warmly and strongly to support Sir William Hart Dyke's New Code. Doubtless there are still many things unaccomplished—perhaps some done which had been better left undone—but on the whole we may be thankful to a Tory Government for having done so much to enable technical instruction to be introduced, in drawing and manual work, throughout our primary schools, and frankly to acknowledge that this Code, and the Bill which accompanies it, do more than has been yet attempted to place our elementary education on the right lines.

The Report of the Technical Instruction Commission divides its subject under three heads—the instruction needed first for the workman, secondly for the foreman or manager, thirdly for the master or director. It points out, to my thinking most wisely, that so far as concerns the object of securing the supremacy which British industry and commerce have hitherto held amongst the nations, but which supremacy is now endangered by the progress made in other countries, the all-important condition is that the education of those who are to be the leaders of industry should be placed on the firmest and most advanced platform. That much has recently been done to make up our national leeway in this direction must be acknowledged. The national honour is now committed to the assistance of this highest form of education in the grants made to the Welsh and to the English University Colleges. Nor does this action of Government, as might be feared, stay the perennial flow of private benevolence, which still continues to pour its vivifying tide in the same direction. In short, we can truthfully say that at last the nation has made up its mind that the thing has to be done. It acknowledges that a high technical education can never be self-supporting, and that it is the duty of the State, as well as of the locality and of the individual, to encourage, foster, and develop it. But what is worth doing is worth doing well. Englishmen, when they set their hand to the plough, do not look back. So we must be prepared to extend and complete what we have only as yet begun; and all this means money, but money the outlay of which will repay us, some sixty, and some an hundred fold. What we need before all things to encourage is originality in art design of every kind, in science and in all its thousand applications.

No mode of encouraging original research in all branches of science and art, and in their application to the welfare of the race, is more valuable than the foundation of scholarships, by which young men of aptitude—the Faradays, Joules, or Watts of the future—shall be assisted in their endeavours to unravel some of Nature's tangled skeins. If rumour speaks true, the Royal Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851 are of this opinion, for they are credited with the determination to appropriate some £5,000 per annum of their income for the foundation of scholarships with this express object. Should this rumour prove to be true, they



will, in my judgment, do much not only to justify their own existence, but also to raise the standard of English industrial and commercial enterprise to the level which we all desire it should occupy.

Now let us pass to the second of the three divisions of the subject, and ask how are our foremen and managers of industrial and commercial concerns to be trained, and how far does the Technical Act help us in this matter? But first we must understand that this Act does not attempt to aid the highest form of technical education of which I have been speaking. It only affects those institutions which work and teach in connection with the Department of Science and Art. As a rule the Universities and University Colleges do not do so, and hence they cannot participate in the advantages offered by the Act. In short, the Act takes cognisance of the secondary or intermediate as distinguished both from the primary and the higher education of the country. But in this restricted sphere there is enough and more than enough to be done. We have to give opportunity for the smart boy from the elementary school to continue his education either in evening schools, or, if he can obtain it, by admission to a day technical school, and thus fit him at once to take a higher position in the work-a-day world than his father did, who had either to serve a dreary seven years' apprenticeship, or else to spend some years sweeping out the office, or making up parcels. No fear that there will be plenty left to be the hewers of wood and drawers of water.

If Sir William Hart Dyke's Bill passes into law, the embargo of the necessity of the three R's will be removed from evening primary schools, and they will be permitted to teach what they find their locality needs. On the other hand, by the Act of last Session, any Local Authority may devote a sum not exceeding a penny in the pound to the foundation or support of a technical school, either day or evening, in which any of the subjects now on the list of the Department of Science and Art may be taught, and any other subject needed by the locality, provided only that it be sanctioned by the Department. Thus it is clear that the Act is not intended to stereotype the South Kensington system—which, after all, itself is, and must be, capable of such modification as the necessities of the time require—but aims at giving elasticity to the education which it was passed to promote, by enabling each locality to take up the higher and more special work which its peculiar circumstances demand.

The Act, as we know, was passed in the last few days of the Session, under circumstances which called forth many oburgations from some of our more advanced Radical friends. Other perhaps equally staunch Radicals, such as Mr. Mather and myself, supported the Bill, and endeavoured to improve it by the insertion of additional clauses. And although I naturally would have preferred to pass my own Bill, which I introduced for the National Association for promoting Technical Education, and which was read a second time last Session, I felt that this was not possible, and that, caring more about the thing being done than the man who does it, the next best course was to support the Government measure. The sequel has shown, I think, that we were right, and that the half-loaf which we then got has proved to be by far the biggest half, and now the smaller half is in a fair way of being obtained by the New Code and its accompanying Bill; whilst the Act has been adopted and put into operation in about twenty different centres throughout the country. The general appreciation of the value of the Act is, however, perhaps not so accurately measured by the actual number of the localities which have in the short space of nine months adopted it, but rather in the widely differing conditions which these represent. Thus we find, on the one hand, that some of our greatest manufacturing centres, such as Manchester, Sheffield, Stockport, Rochdale, Bolton, and Nottingham, have decided to take advantage of its provisions; whilst, on the other, many smaller towns—in which as yet manufactures have not played a large part—such as Wrexham, Maidstone, and Aberystwith,

only to name a few, are also determined to try what good the Act can bring to them. One of the serious difficulties which has to be faced in the working of the Act, even when the Local Authority has decided to levy a rate up to a penny in the pound, is how that rate is to be distributed amongst the various institutions capable of claiming it under the Act. If an agreement is come to on this head between the rating authority and those who are to participate, no further trouble need be feared. If no such agreement can be arrived at, the Department of Science and Art is to act as arbitrator in the matter. So far, things seem to have gone smoothly enough. I am glad to be able to quote Manchester as an example of what ought to be done. In the first place a memorial was addressed to the Mayor, Aldermen, and Councillors of the County Council of Manchester, signed by authorised representatives of the several educational institutions in the city capable of receiving aid under the Act, representing no less than 7,000 pupils under tuition, stating that "in their opinion it would be consonant with the general feeling of the ratepayers of the city, which has always borne an honourable part in the development of popular instruction, if your Council would adopt, as soon as may be deemed convenient, the provisions of the Technical Instruction Act, 1889," and binding themselves to agree together as to how the amount of any rate that might be levied by the Council should be divided amongst the memorialists. A special committee of the City Council was then appointed to consider and report on the subject. This committee reported on April 2nd "That the provisions of the Technical Act, 1889, are readily applicable to the wants of this city, and would prove highly advantageous to its commercial and industrial interests; and they strongly recommend the Council to bring into operation the provisions of the Act forthwith." The committee was then empowered to carry out these provisions, and on April 24th it was decided to vote a sum of £4,000, being one-third of a penny in the pound, for this purpose, and advertisements with reference to application by duly qualified institutions were issued. It, therefore, only remains for the Council to make an allocation of the grants, such as will in general terms be consonant with the agreement to which the qualified institutions have arrived. Sheffield has done even better than Manchester, for it has voted £4,534, being a larger grant proportional to its size—only, it is true, for one year as yet—for carrying out the provisions of the Act, and the parties concerned have agreed how the sum is to be spent.

Whilst we see that the Act is thus proving useful to many urban centres, we may ask, How does it affect the rural districts, which certainly also deserve consideration? Lord Ripon pointed out recently that, however willing the County Councils, like those of Yorkshire, might be to take advantage of the Act, they did not see their way to do so, unless it was by awarding scholarships to successful pupils from the public elementary schools, to be held at technical schools or colleges either within or beyond the borders of the Councils. And this mode of assistance does not seem, so far as we may interpret Lord Cranbrook's evasive reply, to be in any way contemplated by the Act. Doubtless any County Council, should they deem it desirable, can impose a penny rate for building and carrying on an agricultural school or college; and possibly, in some counties where agriculture is the chief or only industry, such a proposal might meet with approval. But in by far the larger number of cases the establishment, by an enforced rate, of dairy or other purely agricultural schools would probably meet with grave opposition from those whose interests pointed in other directions. That the agricultural mind is convinced things are not as they should be, is neither a startling nor a new position. The farmer, we all know, is never satisfied with the weather or anything else. What is new, and even startling, is to hear him complain that it is the want of technical knowledge which lies at the root of the evils from which he is suffering. And that this complaint is fully

justified we may at once admit. A report on this important question from a joint committee of the Central Chamber of Agriculture and the Farmers' Club, presided over by Sir Richard Paget, has just been issued. The chief contention is, of course, that State aid should be liberally given, first to found a Normal School of Agriculture, then to endow county schools—apart, I suppose, from the possible penny rate—provided they teach agriculture, in aid of local effort, and also to aid in a similar way local agricultural associations, or Chambers of Agriculture engaged in scientific research. Such State aid is to be of a permanent character, subject only to conditions as to efficiency laid down by the Board of Agriculture. I for my part see no objection to such proposals. As we have three Government departments now answerable for education of one kind or another, no good reason can be given why a fourth should not be added. The improvement of agricultural education is certainly as important as the questions concerning diseased meat, or even dog muzzling, which have lately occupied the attention of the Board. Who will deny that Mr. Chaplin would pose with effect as the progressive educationist of the Cabinet? and if only the General Election be delayed for another two years, what may not the agricultural interest with his help accomplish? We live in hope.

H. E. ROSCOE.

### THE GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART.

THE centenary banquet of the Royal Literary Fund recently attracted the public attention, and many columns were written in praise of the Fund. Yet it seems to have been forgotten that as many columns were published several years ago denouncing the Fund and its administrators. Its opponents were men of no mean position in the world of literature. Conspicuous among them were Charles Dickens, C. W. Dilke, John Forster, and the first Lord Lytton. They objected to appealing yearly to the public for help to men of letters; they condemned the cost of administering the Fund itself; and they considered that a system of annuities was better than one of occasional grants. A pamphlet entitled "The Case of the Reformers in the Literary Fund," is now rare, and the whole subject may be said to have passed out of the public mind.

Though the Literary Fund survives and is now prosperous, the controversy regarding it forty-two years ago was not wholly barren, as it led to the formation of a rival institution bearing the name of the Guild of Literature and Art. The special purpose of its founders was to establish in connection with it a "Guild Institution," in which decayed, but deserving, artists, scholars, and men of letters might pass the evening of their lives in comparative comfort. The first Lord Lytton presented the Guild with a large piece of land on his estate at Stevenage, in Hertfordshire; and he also devoted the proceeds of his play, *Not so Bad as We Seem*, to the cost of building houses on the land. Thus the Guild became possessed of an "Institution" in which to house a penniless artist, scholar, or man of letters, and also of a fund out of which to pension him. The Guild Institution was formally opened on the 29th of July, 1865. A large gathering witnessed the interesting spectacle, and an entertainment at Knebworth followed, where speeches were delivered in which Sir E. Bulwer Lytton told his hearers how, when in company with Charles Dickens at the same place several years before, "the idea was started of establishing a literary guild of brotherhood which might tend to bring scholars, artists, and men of letters more familiarly together, and which might secure to learning and genius, when bowed down by old age or poverty, a modest independence and an honourable refuge." The responder to the toast was one whom the proposer styled "a household word all the year round," and who spoke of the proposer as one who "had risen to the foremost place in the literature of which he was the brightest ornament."

The most enthusiastic public gathering does not escape criticism from men whose heads are cool and whose pens are pointed; and that which was held at the instance of the master of Knebworth received comments in the daily press which some of those present may have deemed disparaging and unjust. A leader in the *Times* contained many phrases which illustrate how difficult it is to please everybody. These phrases were avowedly, and almost apologetically, advanced as being critical in their nature, and they may be perused with interest now in the light of subsequent events. We may say without exaggeration that the following extract deserves a leading place among the few examples of fulfilled journalistic prophecy:—"It is no new confession on our part that we feel, we hope, an allowable prejudice against this continual ossification and petrification of the great public heart. Its warmest gushes of tenderness uniformly end in bricks and mortar, in the inevitable architect, questionable ornaments, insufficient estimates, incomplete plans, burdensome debts, and a result altogether unworthy of the expenditure. 'All the talents' at Stevenage may have done better on this occasion, but, if they have, they have done much to redeem the character of genius. The misgiving we cannot repress is against bricks and mortar at all, upon ever so sensible a plan. To the best of our belief and knowledge a decayed actor, or poet, or scholar, or man of science would rather have a hundred a year, and live where he liked, and with whom he liked, than have it saddled with the condition of occupying a particular house in Hertfordshire."

The opening of the Guild Institution, and the brotherly union among the members of the Guild of Literature and Art had no injurious effect upon the Literary Fund. The subscriptions to it continued to increase year after year. Its anniversaries were presided over by men whose names are not less honoured than those which graced the banquets in earlier days. In 1887, the chairman at the banquet was the master of Knebworth, the present Earl of Lytton. Since his father had opened the Guild Institution in 1865 it had not filled any place in the public eye. Whether it had prospered or not was then a matter of conjecture. What its fate had been may be best told in the following words, which Lord Lytton used in the speech wherein he urged the claims of the Royal Literary Fund to public support:—"It is without a rival in the field. And, within my recollection, once only, and then without success, has any other corporate body been constituted and started with similar aims and avocations. On the result of that abortive experiment I should like to make a suggestion, if you will allow me to refer to it in passing. Many years ago my father, and his eminent contemporary Charles Dickens, conceived the project of forming among their brother-craftsmen a mutual aid society, which, unlike the Literary Fund, was to be independent of support from the general public. That society, which came to an untimely end, they named the 'Guild of Literature and Art.' One of its main achievements was the creation of a sort of Arcadian retreat for authors and artists unable to afford a needed rest from their labours. To this my father contributed a piece of land. Then he wrote a play. The play was performed by distinguished artists and authors, and its proceeds were employed in building on that land a rural home for invalided veterans of literature and art. Well, so far as know, from that hour to this nothing has been able to induce a single representative of literature and art to inhabit the home so hopefully prepared for their reception. A zero is worth nothing till it is added to a unit. And, therefore, as sooner or later the wrecks must come to the shore—if they do not go to the bottom—I cannot help thinking that the best thing that could now be done with this small wreck of a perished enterprise would be to merge it in the Literary Fund."

We believe that, before this practical suggestion was made by Lord Lytton, the propriety of merging the property of the Guild in the Fund, had been mooted and discussed, and that the chief obstacle to such a consummation was the necessity for obtaining a private Act of Parliament sanctioning the transfer



There should be no difficulty in obtaining such an Act. Moreover, the outlay would be perfectly justifiable, as the value of the property is not insignificant. It may be urged, indeed, that the Literary Fund is now so large and bountifully fed that there is less occasion to add to it, and some of the surviving members of the Guild may entertain sentimental objections to such a painful confession of failure as would be inevitable if the Guild found a euthanasia in the body of which it hoped to be a rival, and against which it was a protest. In that event an alternative merits consideration.

A younger body than either the Fund or the Guild, and one which promises to be even more useful than either to the literary craft, is the Incorporated Society of Authors. That body has already done good work; if it were richer, it would become the English counterpart of the French *Société des Gens de Lettres*. The latter has raised the status, and consolidated the position, of men of letters in France. It had a struggle at the outset. It might have been struggling still, if large sums had not been presented or bequeathed to it by generous benefactors. The transfer of the property of the Guild of Literature and Art to the Incorporated Society of Authors would serve a double purpose. The Society of Authors would be the gainer, while the more practical and praiseworthy objects of the founders of the Guild would be promoted to an extent which might even exceed their sanguine expectations.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

### SECOND NOTICE.

MR. FRANK DICKSEE'S "Redemption of Tannhäuser" is exactly the kind of picture that appeals to the English public. It combines love, religion, and a touch of the supernatural, and affords plenty of scope to those who think such art as cannot be reproduced in words no art at all. The story, however, is too complex for satisfactory treatment. It involves the presentment of five different parties, as it were, on one canvas; and Mr. Dicksee has scarcely the gifts required for these ambitious pictures. His colour is poor, his handling is without freedom, *clan*, or variety, his dealings with light and shade without breadth or significance. A sense of beauty, however, he has, and to that he should look for success. Into most of his works he introduces some single figure which, under right conditions, would make a picture by itself. The first was the girl in "Harmony;" another was the young mother in the "Shadow of the Church;" a third, the serious maiden in "The Symbol." To recommend an artist to be content with painting pretty women may not seem the highest compliment, but it may preserve him from the fate of Benjamin West.

High above Mr. Dicksee's picture hangs Mr. Charles W. Furse's portrait of Lord Aberdeen, which seems a good likeness so far as distance will allow one to judge; and then, beyond Mr. Oulless's full-length of Mrs. North, we reach the picture by Mr. Crofts which has revived the dispute as to the mode and place of Charles I.'s execution. Mr. Crofts paints in a dry manner, but his pictures never lack probability. Whether King Charles was beheaded on a lordly block, or an ignoble billet, and whether the scaffold stood at the north-western or the south-eastern angle of the Banqueting House, are not questions, perhaps, over which a painter need greatly trouble himself. But he must endeavour to get the true historical perspective, to make his work convincing, through power to project himself in among the likely details of the event. This may seem an obvious reflection, but it is astonishing how often pictures of history lose all force through lack of probable accident.

From the "murder" of a king to a group of family portraits is a sharp transition, but we can find nothing between Nos. 216 and 235 to soften it. This second number belongs to Mr. Orchardson's picture of a paterfamilias with his wife and daughters in their own drawing-room. The conception is studiously simple. The dresses

are a collection of greys—of green-grey against black, of brown-grey against red, of yellow-grey against the luminous shadow of the inner room. The points of positive colour are given by a lamp of Oriental china, by the frames of two or three pictures, by red walls, and a crimson sofa. The technical problem Mr. Orchardson set himself was one of great difficulty, and it may safely be declared that no other English painter of his generation would have solved it with equal success.

Another "quick change" brings us to the President's "Bath of Psyche," the picture which has been bought to keep company with the "Python Slayer" in the Chantrey collection. It has one clear defect in the insignificance of the head, which is neither well conceived, well painted, nor well put on. The pose of the body and limbs, however, is graceful, the argentine flesh-tints are exquisite, and the general arrangement is happy and statuesquely pictorial. The council of the Academy is to be congratulated on its purchase. The two Newlynite productions which hang above it have a curious effect where they are. They are by Mr. Frank Brangwyn, and each deals with a ship and a tug-boat. The world is not such a colourless place as Mr. Brangwyn would have us believe, not even on a dull day at sea. But his story is, as usual, well told, and his art sincere.

Mr. Hook's landscapes are painted on principles as diametrically opposed as possible to those of the Newlyn school. With him that personal equation which it is a main object with the Newlynites to suppress, is carefully fostered. The result is a series of landscapes which have a broader, richer, deeper humanity about them than those of almost anyone else one could name. The best of the four pictures which he sends to the Academy is "A Jib for the New Smack." It has a brilliancy not to be found to the same extent in the other three, while the arrangement of the landscape—the bay with its long trend of enclosing cliffs, the suggestion of a fishing village, and the arrangement of the little party of Mr. Hook's favourite half-figures in the foreground—is more than usually happy. Mr. Henry Moore fills a sort of half-way place between Mr. Hook and the little western colony. His intentions are objective, but the personal equation comes in in spite of them. He studies the sea frankly and sincerely, painting it in a fashion that he himself would call imitative. But, nevertheless, in the break and roll of his waves, in his gem-like colour, and in the mutual dependence of his skies and seas, his personality finds its opportunity. Mr. Moore had a triumph at Paris last year. This he has now followed up with two pictures at the secessionist Salon in the Champ-de-Mars, which are attracting attention from French artists.

Now that we have got among the sea-painters, we may as well devote the rest of this article to their works. Mr. John Brett, whose vogue was so great a few years ago, has quite failed to rise out of his hard, unsympathetic, totally unreal, early manner, and has now become one of the most uninteresting of all our students of the sea. His pictures at the Academy are laborious *procès verbal*, from which everything that nature has of subtlety is left out. Compare them with the canvases of Mr. Colin Hunter which deal with exactly the same sorts of subjects, and you have the difference embodied between the artistic and the non-artistic temperament. In spite of some thinness of texture, "The Hills of Morven" is one of the best landscapes Mr. Hunter has recently produced. Lastly, we may turn back for a moment to speak of Mr. Adrian Stokes. His single contribution to the Academy, "Off St. Ives," hangs in the second room. It represents fishing smacks in a brisk sea, their sails close reefed, and their bows buried in white slaps of foam. The horizon is very low, so that by far the larger part of the picture is sky. It is the same with the things Mr. Stokes has sent to the New Gallery and the Grosvenor. Taken with other features, this goes to prove that his exemplars are the Dutchmen of to-day—summed up in James Maris, and those of 1650 summed up in Ruysdael. The comparison need not frighten Mr. Stokes. He has not yet learnt the freedom of Maris, and he will probably never rise to the profound repose of the Haarlem master, but his works show a promise of colour at

least equal to theirs, while they have a delicacy and a freedom from all the grossness of paint, on which they may depend with perfect security.

### VERY SHORT MEMORIES.

A LADY who tells us that she was born in the year 1842, and who is consequently still short of the half-century, has begun to give the world her "Reminiscences" in the pages of *Murray's Magazine*. That she is herself a member of a well-known family, and that she has met with many notable and interesting persons during her life, is not to be disputed; but it will strike most persons as a little strange that the garrulous egotism which is supposed to be the privilege of old age should now be appropriated by those who are still on the right side of fifty. In the case of Mrs. Ross some of her stories are good and well told; others are passable, but spoilt in the telling; whilst some are wholly trivial. Why, for instance, should she have so much to tell us about Thackeray, and yet quote a verse from one of his published poems—inaccurately—under the impression that it stands by itself, and was specially inscribed to her mother? Why, again, should she make the great Lawrence when dying "dictate his own epitaph" as follows:—"Here lies Sir H. J. Lawrence, who tried to do his duty"? Fancy the hero on his death-bed talking of himself as anything but plain "Henry Lawrence"! Why, again, should she add to the innumerable host of apocryphal stories about the late Lord Houghton, by connecting the name of that kindest of men with a fable which has been related successively of half the men and women about town?

It is not, however, with the obvious deficiencies in Mrs. Ross's "Reminiscences" that we must trouble ourselves here; but rather with the phenomenon itself—the terrible phenomenon which is presented by a woman of forty-eight sitting down to gossip in print about the people she has known. That it is a popular form of amusement we sorrowfully admit. Did not Mr. Frith secure almost as great a popularity by his book of memories as that which he won by his "Derby Day"? Are not the "Recollections" of Mr. Montagu Williams now in their fourth or fifth edition? The public likes personal gossip, especially if it is mingled with a slight spice of scandal; and so long as any man or woman who happens to have been brought in contact with a certain number of notoriety chooses to sit down and tell all about these heroes and heroines—the colour of their hair and the cut of their gowns, the names of their lovers and the nature of their ailments—the world will buy eagerly, and read with open mouth.

But where is this sort of thing to end? Are we to have no "time limit" to the liberty of the "Reminiscencer"? Is he or she to be free to sit down and "reminisce" at any time of life, and without regard to the fact that most of the people he or she has known are living people still? These are serious questions, and we wait for an answer. When Mrs. Beecher Stowe returned to the States after her first triumphal tour through England, she published a book called "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," which, it is to be feared, cost her a very large number of her noble and distinguished acquaintances in this country. In this book the good lady prattled artlessly, as though writing to her own family, about the Duchess of X and the Countess of Y, Lord This and the Rev. That: telling the whole American world what the Duchess had to say about the pains and joys of motherhood, who was the favourite dress-maker of the Countess, and what the noble lord and the reverend clergyman ate and drank at dinner.

This was thought at the time to be a frightful breach of good manners, pardonable only because the sinner was an American cousin. But who would think anything nowadays of the publication of such a book? Alas! it is the kind of stuff which Englishmen as well as Americans have learned to like. Is it not a fact that a few months ago one of the magazines was publishing a series of papers called "Reminiscences of a Young Man," in which the courageous author, who was only half the age of Mrs.

Ross, told us all about the celebrities he had met with since his arrival in London a couple of years before, and we were permitted to hear the jokes of Mr. Oscar Wilde, and to gaze admiringly upon Mr. Irving in private life?

Where is it to end? Talleyrand, we know, refused to allow his personal gossip to appear until thirty years after his death; Mr. Gladstone is credited with the opinion that a still longer term should elapse before the memoirs of a public man are given to the world. But who agrees with him? Nobody, if we may judge by the eagerness of these chroniclers of social small beer to serve up their tankards of that beverage foaming from the vat, and by the rush of thirsty souls eager to quaff the draught.

Where will it end, indeed? It seems to us that by-and-by the gentlemen who keep diaries will be offering them for sale to our able editors in daily instalments, and the "Reminiscences" of Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson will be served up to the public, not after the decease or during the dotage of those worthy persons, but day by day as the records are made.

At this moment we have our eye upon a gentleman who is popularly believed to be writing a journal in which half the celebrities of London must have found a place—a diary which, when it is given to the world, will throw as vivid a light upon English life during the second half of the nineteenth century as that which the pages of Pepys cast upon the England of the Stuarts. Why does not some enterprising editor secure the services of this diarist, and publish his journal in daily instalments, letting us know each morning what has happened to the writer during the previous four-and-twenty hours? Sooner or later it will evidently come to that, then why not come to it at once? In such a case this is the kind of thing which we might have read, say last Tuesday, in the columns of the *Daily News*—

"Monday, June 2nd. A fine day. Walked along the Embankment towards Blackfriars, and admired the trees greatly. Met Mr. D'Oyley Carte opposite the Savoy Hotel. He told me that Mr. Stanley dined there last night, and appreciated mightily the buffalo-hump specially imported for the dinner, but thought the bill too high, and on leaving declined to 'tip' the waiters. . . . Met Smith, who took me to lunch at the Reform Club. James Payn and William Black were there. Black, who was eating cold salmon, happened to remark that he could tell by the flavour of the fish that it was caught in the Dee. 'That's a Dee—d bad guess of yours,' said Payn, at which everybody laughed. On leaving the club, I ran against Randolph Churchill, who was looking very spruce, and confided to me that he had won a pot on Jouarre. He told me that, as is his wont, he had just been walking up and down in the Green Park, reciting the speech on the Licensing Proposals, which he hopes to make to-morrow night. Whilst we were chatting Lord Salisbury passed. He nodded to me, but deliberately cut Randolph, who remarked, 'There goes the Royal bison.' . . . Dined at Mrs. Jeune's to meet—"

But we stay our hand. This, as we know, is the sort of Recollections which the Reminiscencer of to-day is busy putting down in his diary. In itself it is perfectly legitimate, and if it were published fifty years hence it would be read with interest, would hurt no human creature, and would amuse most persons. But the modern Reminiscencer has little thought for the readers of the next generation. All his thought is of the passing notoriety of the hour. Therein he differs from the genuine diarist, such as he at whose identity we have hinted. He hopes to have his journal printed and published and given to the world before one of the persons over whose lives he gossips has passed away. But, if that be so, would it not be better if the diarist were to publish his record daily, so that those whose names figure in it might, at least, have the opportunity of correcting the more flagrant of the errors in which these trivial chronicles invariably abound? You think it cannot be pleasant for a man to find his private talk at the luncheon or dinner table printed in the newspapers next morning? My dear sir, where have you been living, that you have not learned that we all do it nowadays, and only pretend not to like it?

At all events, let the enterprising editors ponder over the suggestion thrown out above of a real diary of reminiscences to be published hot and hot, from day to day, before even the most delicate bit of scandal has had time to become stale.



## SIR BLOWITZ'S DIARY.

I HAVE at last the honour to announce to you, my splendid benefactor, and through you to the English-speaking nations, that I, alone, of European valets, am in possession of extracts from Sir Blowitz's Diary. You would know how they came into my possession? I reply, I stole them. Shall I tell you why? Yes, it was in this way—

You must know that one day, shortly before the death of M. Thiers, I was brushing Sir Blowitz's coat as usual. M. Jones, who was at that time M. Thiers' gentleman, came to me and said, "My master has left the house in the indignation, what you call the crestfallen, because Sir Blowitz has refused him an audience."

"Had M. Thiers," I said, "the note of introduction, the honour of the acquaintance previous, or the business pressing very?"

He said, "M. Thiers had not the note of introduction nor the honour of the acquaintance previous, nor the business pressing very, but he had the curiosity much."

I said, "Sir Blowitz stands at his window on all lawful days from 2.30 till 3, for the benefit of those with the curiosity much; but, except in the cases special, he grants no interviews, save to crowned heads, before four of the clock."

"But M. Thiers," he said, "is a great man."

"Sir Blowitz," I said, quoting from out the circular, "regrets that he can make no exception in favour of Ministers of State."

"But, Monsieur," he said, "it was the curiosity much of M. Thiers to see Sir Blowitz's diary that brought me here."

"No one," I said, "has seen that but Sir Blowitz himself."

He said, "But my master would give much the price to know whether his name is mentioned in the diary."

"Much the price," I said, "has been offered to Sir Blowitz to mention the names of princes in his organ of the press, but he is the man obstinate."

"Nevertheless," he said, chinking a bag of gold pieces, "if it could be so contrived that the name of M. Thiers should be mentioned in the diary as thus—'My friend, Thiers'—or, again, 'Thiers had five o'clocker with me to-day'—why, then—" and once more the bag of gold pieces chinks.

"But how to be done?" I asked.

"Is not the diary," he said, "kept in a cabinet of which Sir Blowitz alone has the key? Now you have the acumen, the skill, the grand audacity—"

"I have not the acumen," I said, "nor the skill, nor the grand audacity, but I have another key."

"Then it is done," he said.

"But," I said, "it were cruel to buoy up M. Thiers with the hope that his name is mentioned in the diary."

"That will be alright," he said. "You bring the diary to me, and I know a journalist Irish, a much valued contributor to your great paper, who will make it alright."

"But," I said, "even if this be so, how can it benefit M. Thiers?—for never will the diary be published."

"It will benefit him to posterity," he said, "for our children's children will know that M. Thiers was the friend of Sir Blowitz."

"That would only be if it was published," I said.

"It is the shame," he cried, "that Sir Blowitz does not publish his reminiscences."

"He is the man over-modest," I said.

"He will be forced to publish the diary," he said.

"Who can move mountains?" I asked incredulously.

"You are the man," he said, producing another bag of gold pieces. I smiled.

"You are smiling," he said, with a readiness that took me aback. "Yet it is simple very. When you acquire the loan of the diary, you make some extracts from it; you publish a few of these, Sir Blowitz is astounded; you publish a few more, he comes to you, he asks when is this to cease; you say when the diary is published in full."

A business transaction then passed between us.

From this moment I felt bound in honour to obtain the loan of the diary. M. Thiers' death unfortunately deprived me of the great pleasure of showing him that I was not unworthy of the trust placed in me by his gentleman, M. Jones. I would fain, for the honour of the English press, have given him the information M. Jones had challenged me, as it were, to furnish. When I saw Sir Blowitz the other day, I told him of M. Thiers' anxiety to be mentioned in the diary.

"It was natural," he said.

"He was also very curious," I said, "to read the diary."

"It can never be published," he said.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Speak lower," he said, "the Emperor William is in the next apartment."

"I am sorry M. Thiers is dead," I said, "for had he been living I should have the pleasure of giving him the information he wanted."

"How," he asked in amazement, "could you do so?"

In reply I showed him the second key to his cabinet. He seemed much impressed.

"You have not taken a copy of the diary?" he asked.

"Not a complete copy," I said, "but I can repeat a good deal of it."

He reflected, and then touched his bell.

"Tell the Emperor William to call another day," he said to the servant. "Now," he said to me, "how much of this diary do you remember?"

"To take a few instances," I said, "I remember these—"

This day I was offered the vacant place in the Academy. I refused it. They pressed me. "No," I said, "there are forty immortals, there is only one Blowitz."

Sir Gladstone requests me to form a cabinet for him. I do so on the back of an envelope. He is profuse in his thanks.

Sir Blowitz, Lord Blowitz, Duke de Blowitz, Blowitz I. of France.

Private letter from Czar Russia saying, "Are you satisfied?" I reply, "Quite satisfied."

Gave permission to-day to expedition to set out for the relief of Emin Pasha.

Letter from Queen Victoria asking me for a photograph with autograph. These requests are becoming too frequent.

Bismarck telegraphs, "Should I reign?" I reply, "Yes."

Sir Blowitz had listened to me with growing uneasiness.

"But, surely," he said, "you do not intend to publish these?"

"That depends on yourself," I answered. "I shall publish a few extracts now, and others later unless you give the diary to the world."

"But you stole them," he said.

"Because," I replied, "the non-publication of the diary seems to me going in the face of the public's wishes, which should override everything."

## A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

## VI.—NOON IN JUDÆA.

THE East of London is a large district—so large that there is room in it for variety. There is space for the Jew to be essentially Jewish, for the workman to work or to agitate, for the thief to thief, for the murderer to murder, and for the police to catch him if they can. Close to the noisy main street, with the crowds and the many vehicles of noon, rests the quiet group of the old Trinity almshouses; the flag in the centre of their enclosure is half-mast high to-day—peaceful death on one side of the pavement and the war of life on the other. Over the gate of the enclosure a notice forbids the entrance of strangers, hawkers, perambulators, beggars, or dogs. So peace may be possible there; but I ranked in one or more of these prohibited classes, and I could not enter. I could only admire the flowers, gazing strenuously through the gateway, and then pass further westward to Whitechapel, where flowers in their native soil are of less account than fruit on barrows. Even the main thoroughfare

is full of variety ; it varies with the day and the hour. Not every day, as in the time of the Dock Strikes, does one see the hungry crowd gathered outside the "Food and Shelter" of the Salvation Army. Not every hour, as now, have the street loafers the always new, and to them inexpensive, pleasure of a street accident. This time, I learn, a van and two horses have attempted to perforate a wall. They have failed, and have been removed. There is nothing left but a little blood, slowly mixing with the dust and mud of the pavement, around which the crowd stands and entertains conjectures. Whitechapel at noon, with the watery sunlight coming fitfully through a sky of almost even grey, looks one thing to me ; to the workman who lives here, as he comes back from his work at night, though it should be earlier, and sees the lighted clock of St. Mary's winking drowsily at him through the fog, Whitechapel looks something quite different. As I turn up Petticoat Lane, I remember that if I had come on a Sunday morning, I should have found it far more crowded, and the Jewish population would have been busy there with gambling and speculation. The poverty of the East is brilliant with variety in its outward aspect ; it is only from within that one feels sure that to many life must seem but a dull monotone, made lurid at rare intervals with some cheap sensuality.

The names painted over the shop-doors, the faces of the people in the streets, and the language they speak, proclaim their Jewish origin. It has been computed that there are not less than 60,000 Jews in London. The other nations would have none of them, and England, crowded as she was and is, found room for them ; or they found it for themselves. As one passes through the squalid streets, and watches the crowds of the poorer, though not of the utterly destitute class, one wonders if the Jews—of this quarter, at least—do not still sigh at times for the flesh-pots of Egypt.

There are grades in their poverty. It would be unsafe, perhaps, to estimate from the appearance of a shop the income of its Jewish proprietor ; but the shop has a more substantial air than the barrow ; the salesman at the barrow seems in a position of permanent comfort when compared with the hawker who has to carry his own tray ; and the hawker should surely pity those hollow-eyed, narrow-chested, unshaven men, with the wisp of flannel round their throats, and their coats buttoned as tightly as the presence of buttons will permit, who slink softly and sadly along under the shadow of the wall, or stand gazing vacantly at the street-corners. In Wentworth Street there are lines of these barrows on either side. At one there are leeks and gherkins to suit the Jewish palate, at another there are neat rows of Hebrew books, wax tapers, and little tin boxes with thongs attached to them, to suit the Jewish form of faith. At others there are bright-coloured prints, or ornaments of imitation tortoiseshell, appealing to a love of finery which is not characteristic only of the Jew ; for Wentworth Street and the neighbourhood have by no means sunk so low as to altogether neglect appearances. There are bright feathers in the hats of the girls who come streaming down Commercial Street in the dinner-hour. There is a certain similarity in their dress. Velvet or cognate material is popular. Jackets and gloves are not worn as a rule ; though the former may be carried in the hand and used to kill flies on the wall. Probably the older women who are shopping in Wentworth Street know that they do not look altogether unpicturesque with the crimson or scarlet shawl over their black hair. There are, of course, any number of shops for the sale of second-hand clothes ; and one dusty, grimy building in the neighbourhood bears the imposing title of "Exhibition and Clothes Exchange." Not far from it one sees a mysterious notice informing us that "The Noah's Ark Dress Suit" can be hired. Conjecture or question would be unwise ; to read such a notice is to feel at once that there are some things which it is better not to know.

The children are not apparently much exercised on the question of dress. They sit down when they are tired, or when they happen to think about it, and they never reflect that the muddy

curb-stone may spoil their apparel. As a rule, the muddiest curb-stone would find such a task difficult. Yet these children are influenced by fashion, though not by fashion in dress. The whip-top has gone out, and tip-cat is coming in. I noticed one girl make certain cabalistic marks all across the pavement with white chalk. I thought it was going to be hop-scotch, but it was not. When she had completed the lines, she seated herself placidly against the wall, and swore at any passer-by who happened to tread on them. She was evidently waiting for some companion to take part in the game. On the hard smooth road in Harrow Alley roller-skating was going on. One pair of skates is enough for three boys. Two of them wear a skate on one foot and push themselves along with the other. The other boy runs behind and says that it is his turn. The gravity of some of these children is most extraordinary. They play practical jokes on one another with absolutely unmoved faces, or with one terrible grin. Possibly they have already found out the seriousness of everything, and have no time to waste on the prolonged giggle of the amused aristocrat. Many of these children have the most beautiful faces, but their hair is often spoiled by being twisted into an absurd sort of top-knot or by a painful artificial shininess. Among the older women one sees a number of brown wigs. They do not pretend to be anything but wigs. Sometimes they are pushed a little backward, and a fringe of the natural hair shows in front.

The whole place is full of incongruities. At one of the barrows a tall, fine woman is standing. She has a Spanish face, and liquid, tragic eyes. Her age may be anything between forty and sixty. Pity and contempt are expressed in her gaze. How stately and magnificent she would look before the footlights, a queen of tragedy, with the best blank verse falling rhythmically from her full lips ! At the present time she is differing with the proprietor of the barrow as to the price of certain vegetables. One notices that the Jew loves to deal in commodities of which the prices fluctuate, such as greengrocery. Or, again, one passes many a stall where the frayed garments of last year are sold, and finds close at hand a little shop hung with old armour. A tin hat case of curious shape recalls a fashion of many years ago. When shall we wear three-cornered hats again ? And had the bright and beautiful people who wore them of yore anything in common with that gaudy youth yonder who is bargaining for more second-hand brilliancies. Amid such scenes one recalls the words of the gentle and genial Teufelsdröckh : "Often, while I sojourned in that monstrous tuberosity of civilised life, the capital of England—and meditated and questioned destiny, under that ink-sea of vapour, black, thick, and multifarious as Spartan broth—and was one lone soul amid those grinding millions—often have I turned into their old-clothes market to worship." The reason, it will be remembered, was that the philosopher desired to worship man as the Temple of the Divinity, but that man had the misfortune to be also possessed of the devil, and vanity, the "clearest phasis" of the devil, would have appropriated the worship ; and so Teufelsdröckh was constrained instead "to do reverence to those shells and outer husks of the body," to cast-off clothes. Less far-fetched reasons have led to more than one variety here of another form of worship. *Laborare est orare.* The service of man, whether in connection with other services or not, profits more than the ironical devotion of that imaginary and imaginative philosopher. Nor is it limited to that fragment of the great East End in which I lingered for a few minutes to-day, and caught a glimpse of Toynbee and St. Jude's.

## THRUMS GOSSIPS.

### IV.—THE MAN WHO SAW NOTHING.

WONDERFUL is the variety of pleasures in Thrums. One has no sooner unyoked from his loom than something exhilarating happens. In the same hour I have known a barn go on fire in the Marywellbrae, a merryman caravan stick on



the Brig of the Kelpies and a lord dine in the Quharity Arms parlour, the view of which is commanded from the top of Hookey Crewe's dyke. To see everything worth seeing is impossible, simply because the days are not thirty-six hours long. Most of us, however, see our fill, Dite Deuchars being the strange exception.

A bad boy had flung a good boy's bonnet on to Haggart's roof, and we had gone for it with a ladder. We were now sitting up there, to see what it was like. Conversation had languished, but Haggart said "Ay," and then again "Umpha," as one may shove a piece of paper into a dying fire to make a momentary blaze. In the yard the boys were now mapping out the "Pilgrim's Progress" with kail-runs. Women were sitting on dykes, knitting stockings. Snecky Hobart was pitting his potatoes. We could join him presently if Haggart refused to add to our stock of information; but the humourist was sucking in his lips, and then blowing them out—and we knew what that meant. To look at his mouth rehearsing was to be suddenly hungry. We had planted ourselves more firmly on the roof when—

"Wha's killing?" cried Lunan.

The screech and skirl of a pig under the knife had suddenly shaken Thrums.

"Lookaboutyou's killing," cried Dite, turning hastily to the ladder.

There followed a rush of feet along the Tenements. Snecky Hobart flung down his spade, the two laddies plucked up the Slough of Despond and were off before him. The women fell off the dykes as if shot.

"You're coming, Tammas, surely?" said Dite, already on the ladder.

"Not me," answered Haggart. "If Lookaboutyou likes to kill without telling me aforehand, I dinna gang near him."

"Come awa', Davit," said Dite to Lunan.

"I dinna deny," said Lunan, "but what my feet's tickly to start; but this I will say, that it was as little as Lookaboutyou could have done to tell Tammas Haggart he was killing."

"But Tammas hadna speired?"

"Speir!" cried Haggart. "Let me tell you, Dite Deuchars, a humourist doesna speir; he just answers. But awa' wi' you to the farm; and tell Lookaboutyou that if he thinks I'm angered at his no telling me he was killing, he was never mair mista'en."

"I wouldna leave you," said Dite, "if you had been on your adventures, but you're no, and I'm so onlucky, I hardly ever see any uncommon thing."

"On my adventures I'll be in a minute, for the screaming o' that swine calls to my mind an extraordinar meeting I had wi' a coachfu' o' pirates."

"Sal, I would like to hear that," said Dite, stepping on to the roof again.

The squeals of the pig broke out afresh.

"That's mair than I can stand," cried Dite, sliding down the ladder. He ran a few yards, and then turned back undecidedly.

"Is it a particler wonderful adventure, Tammas?" we heard him cry, though we could not see him.

Haggart put his underlip firmly over the upper one.

"You micht tell me, Tammas," cried the voice.

It was not for us to speak, and Haggart would not.

"I canna make up my mind," Dite continued sadly, "whether to bide wi' you, or to gang to the killing. If I dinna gang, I'm sure to wish I had ga'en; and if I gang, I'll think the hale time about what I'm missing."

We heard him sigh, and then the clatter of his heels.

"He's a lang time, though," said Lunan, "in turning the close. We should see him when he gets that length."

"The onlucky crittur'll be wavering in the close," said Haggart, "no able to make up his mind whether to gang on or turn back. I tell you, lads, to have twa minds is as confusing as twins."

We saw Dite reach the mouth of the close, where he stopped and looked longingly at us. Then he ran on, then he stopped again, then he turned back.

"He's coming back, after all," said Lunan.

"Ou, he'll be off again directly," Haggart said, with acumen, as we discoursed the next minute. "Ay, the body's as undecided as a bairn standing wi' a bawbee in its hand, looking in at the window o' a sweetie shop."

We saw Dite take the backwynd like one who had at last forgotten our counter-attractions, but just as he was finally disappearing from view he ran into a group of women.

"Tod, he's coming back again," said Lunan, breaking into the middle of Haggart's story. "No wonder the crittur's onlucky!"

Dite, however, only came back a little way. He then climbed the glebe dyke, and hurried off up the park.

"He's fair demented," said Lunan, "for that's as little the road to Lookaboutyou's as it's the road to the tap o' this hoose."

The women sauntered nearer, and when they were within ear-shot Haggart stopped his narrative to shout—

"Susie Linn, what made Dite Deuchars take the glebe park?"

"He's awa' to see Easie Pennycuick's new crutches," replied Susie. "The pridefu' stock has got a pair that cost twal and saxpence (so she says), and she's inviting a'budy in to see them."

"The wy she's lifted up about these crutches," broke in Haggart's wife, Chirsty, from her window, "is hard to bear; and I ken I'll no gang to look at them. 'Have you seen my new crutches?' she says, as soon as her een lights on you."

"That's true, Chirsty, and she came into the kirk late wi' them last Sabbath of set purpose. Weel, we telt Dite about them in the backwynd, and he's awa' to see them. He said— The Lord behears, if that's no him coming back!"

Dite had turned, and was hastening down the field.

"He's changed his mind again," said Lunan. "He's off to the killing, after all."

"Hoy, Dite Deuchars," shouted Susie Linn.

Dite hesitated, looking first in the direction of Lookaboutyou's, and then at us.

"He's coming here," said one of the women.

"He's halted," said another.

"He's awa' to the killing at Lookaboutyou's," cried Susie Linn.

"As sure as death he's climbing into the glebe park again," said Lunan. "Oh, the onlucky body!"

"We maun turn our backs to the distracted crittur," said Haggart, "or I'll never finish my adventure."

It was a marvellous adventure, with as many morals as Dite had minds; and when we had talked it over, as well as listened to it, we prepared to descend the ladder.

"Ca' canny," cried Haggart, "there's somebody coming up."

Dite Deuchars, flushed with running, appeared at the top of the ladder.

"Was it a big swine?" asked Lunan.

"I didna gang to the killing. I heard that Easie Pennycuick—"

"Ay, and what thocht you of her crutches?"

"Truth to tell, Davit, I didna see them, for I couldna make up my mind whether to gang to Easie's or to Lookaboutyou's. They were both so enticing that in the tail o' the day I sat down on the glebe dyke, despising mysel' michty."

"And a despiseable figure you maun have been."

"Ay, but I've come back to hear your adventure, Tammas."

"The adventure's finished," replied Haggart, "and we're coming down."

Dite tottered off the ladder.

"Dagont!" he cried.

"Let this be a warning to you," said Haggart, "that them that's greedy for a' thing gets naething."

Dite, however, was looking so mournful that the very bucket on which he sat down might have been sorry for him.

"Dinna tell me I'm an ill-gittit man," he said dejectedly, "for I'm no. A' thing's agin me. I'm keener to see curious uncommon things than any ane o' ye, but do I see them? The day the